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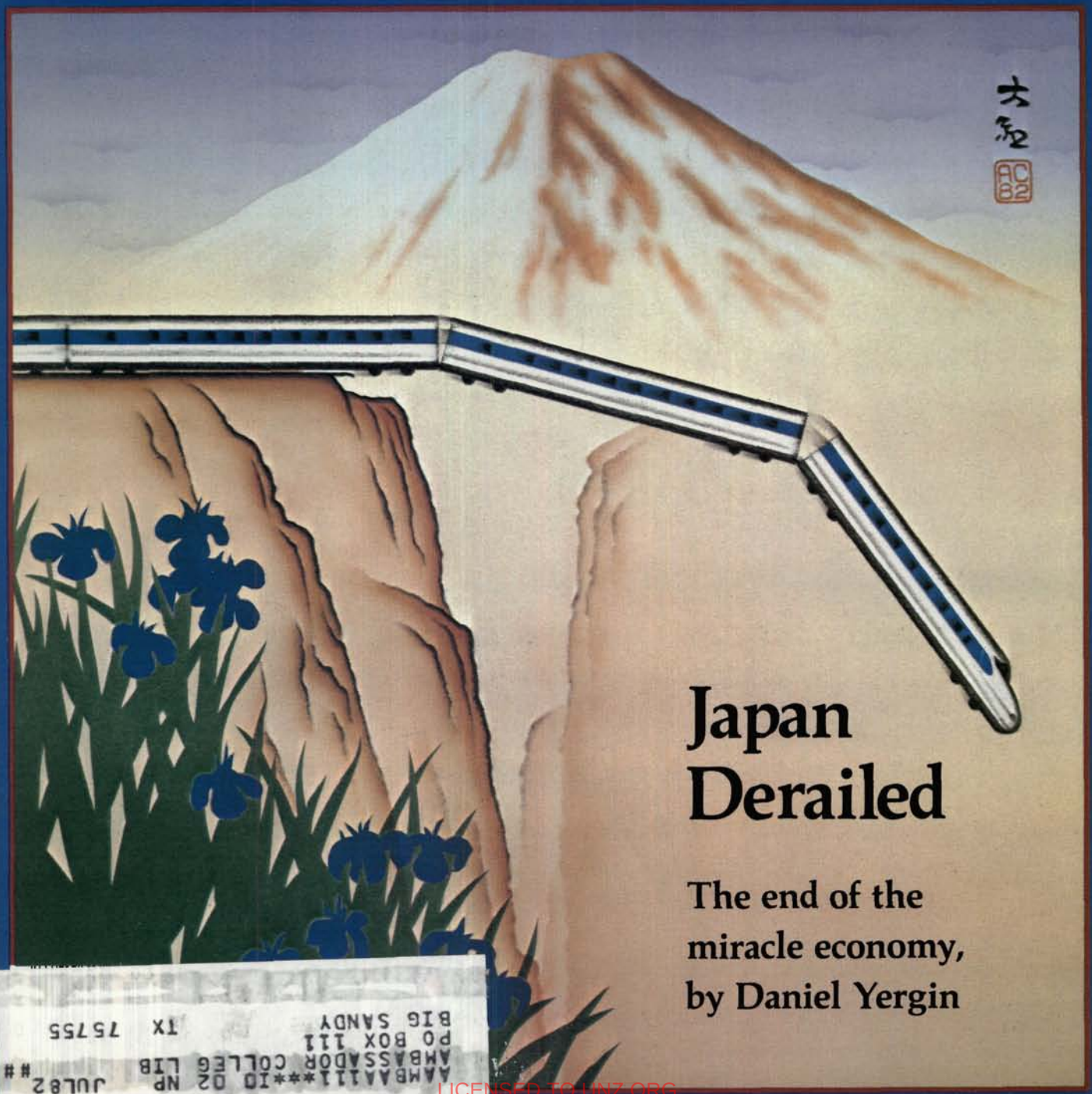

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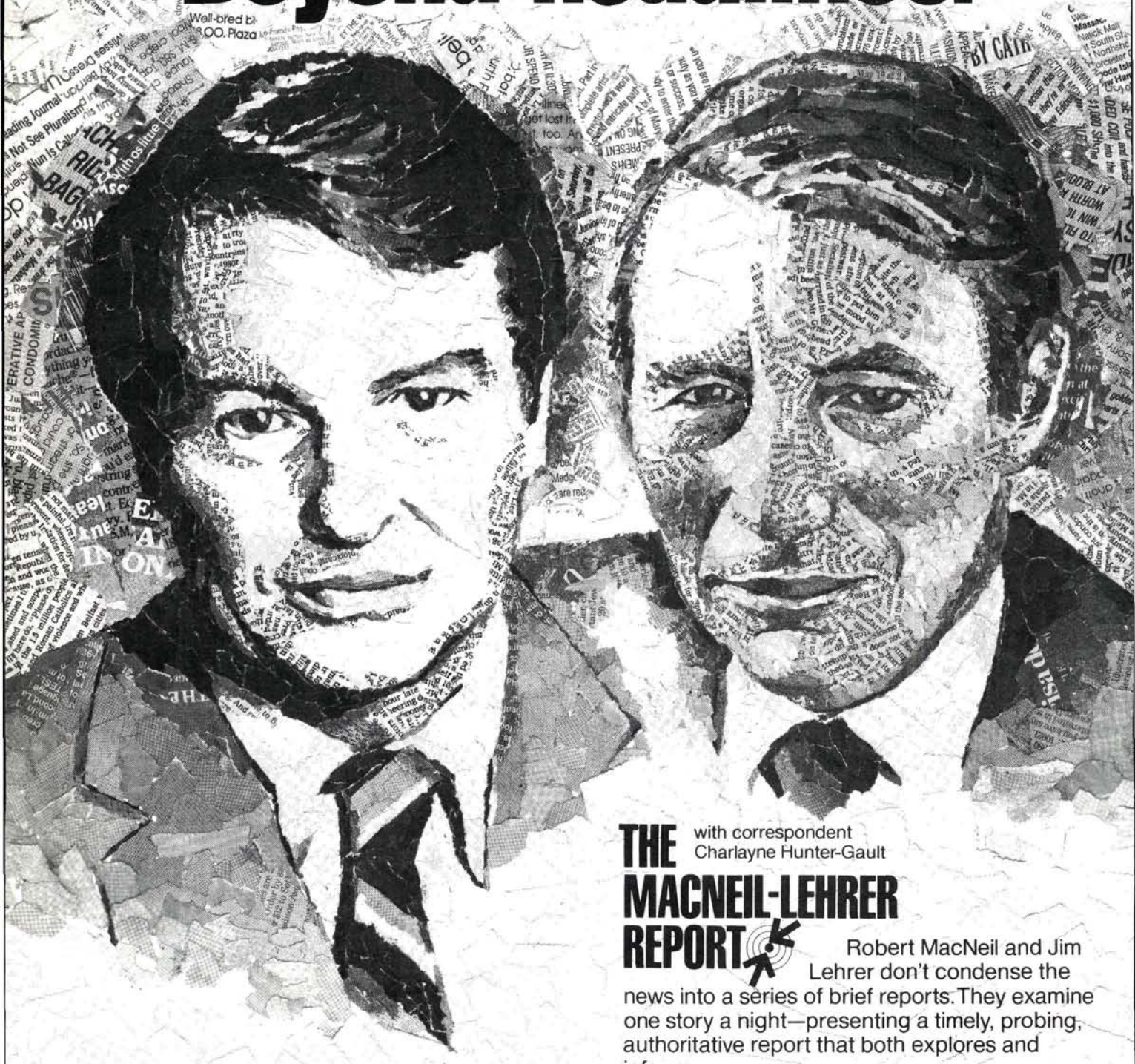

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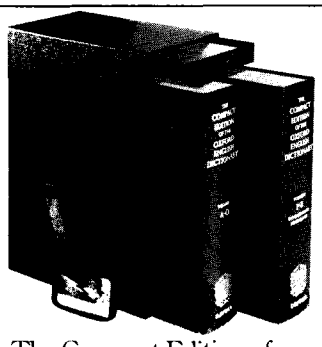

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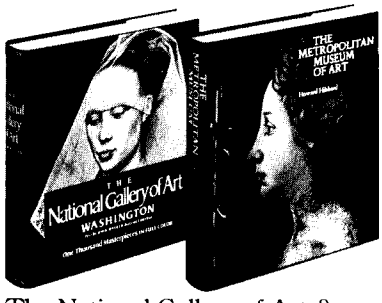

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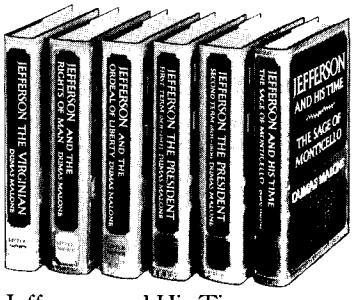
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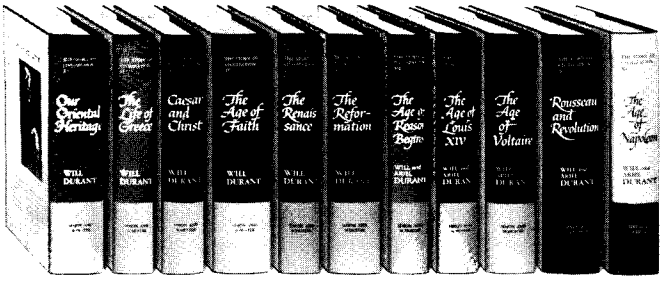

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CORRESPONDENCE

KENNAN AND CONTAINMENT

To the editors:

Unlike Paul Seabury ("George Kennan vs. Mr. X," TNR, Dec. 16), I am neither "awed" nor "mystified" by the writings of George F. Kennan. Nor can I agree that Kennan's repudiation of "containment," as it has been applied by American foreign-policymakers since the publication of his "X" article, represents any real shift in his position vis-à-vis the Soviets. It was in the pages of this very magazine ("The Nature of the Soviet Challenge," TNR, August 24, 1953) that he argued: "the deepest duty of American civilization in the face of Soviet power lies still in the being, not the doing." Near as I can tell, he has never wavered from that position one iota.

Charles Hirshberg
Amherst, Massachusetts

ASSESSING LIMITS

To the editors:

If it were true, as Garrett Hardin insists in his review of Julian L. Simon's *The Ultimate Resource* ("Dr. Pangloss Meets Cassandra," TNR, October 28, 1981), that "only optimism sells," then Hardin would be his own refutation. Readers of TNR can ask themselves whether, in the last 20 years, the media have been filled with panegyrics or whether, compared to the prior 100 years, there are unending series of alarms suggesting that this country is using up its carbon budget or that unseen cancers are invading the human and political body. If mankind keeps denying limits on matter and energy, the future, Hardin ends his review, "will be disastrous for our descendants." His critique is a tale of woe in which hungry mouths devour the earth. And he accuses Simon of being one-sided.

I doubt that most scientists would find Simon's conclusion "appalling" (Hardin correctly accuses him of believing that "no limit can be set to what people may accomplish"), if only because people engaged in an activity usually believe that it is a good thing.

Garret Hardin does his elegant prose a disservice by comparing Simon to sundry unsavory characters, but he commits the same conceptual crimes he attributes to Simon. After citing René Dubos's "Trend is not destiny," for example, Hardin goes on to laud the work of M. King Hubbert, never hinting that Hubbert's method is straight extrapolation, based essentially on the relation between drilling and finding oil. Nor does Hardin do justice to Simon's brilliant detective work in tracking down the shallowness of many sources of bad news.

Simon sets the stage for our self-examination by showing that many of the most common alarms concerning the damage technology does are unsubstantiated or exaggerated. To the extent that risk is inherent in technology, the discussion must be about which expert assessment of the degree of risk is correct. Such discussion is problematic partly because experts disagree, partly because the people fearful of foreign attack are not the same as those worried about ecological disaster, and partly because our generation is the richest, healthiest, and longest-lived in the history of the world. If we hypothesize instead that people confer risk on objects in order to support their way of life, we would ask not what the future will be, but, "what kind of future do we want?" Who is being coerced into changing their ways by the belief that they must make do with limited resources? Soon enough big industry would give way to small, cars to bicycles, freeways to country lanes, and all the rest of a voluntaristic way of life opposed to big hierarchies and multinational corporations.

Cultures are in contention. Great changes have taken place in our lives. We could begin to explain ourselves to ourselves by observing that it is not nature, as if it spoke for itself, but our social relations that are at risk.

Aaron Wildavsky
University of California
Berkeley, California

Garrett Hardin replies:

If Professor Wildavsky believes that scientists agree with Julian Simon that "no limit can be set to what people may accomplish," he is quite wrong. Science is a search for the impotence principles that set limits to the possible.

How strange it is that some people think that accepting limits creates pessimism and obstructs productivity. Wordsworth knew better: "Nuns fret not at their convent's narrow room," he wrote in a sonnet praising the limits of sonnets. Among intelligent people limits promote inventiveness, not pessimism.

The "ultimate resource" of human nature has its own impotence principles, poorly delineated as they may be at present, and it is the limits created by these principles that technological optimists should turn their attention to.

My bias tells me that the glory of humanity lies in our ability to fill in the niches of the possible. An acute awareness of limits is a sign of maturity. What should we do with an economist who says, "Stop worrying—there *is* a free lunch out there somewhere"? Wildavsky would honor such a prophet. Scientists demur and seek a more prudent path to the future.

REPENT, REPENT

To the editors:

Your editorial, "Economic Reaganormity" (TNR, January 6 & 13, 1982), was an excellent essay on "the unconscionable human damage" wrought upon the American people by the Reagan Administration and a Republican budget in less than a full year. All signs point to even harsher Republican policies in the future, particularly in the areas of ". . . school lunches, job training for the poor, low-cost housing, . . . and food stamps."

It's regretable that a journal which speaks so movingly today about the greed and shortsightedness of Republican government could little more than a year ago have been duped into endorsing for the presidency not the Democratic nominee and concensus choice of the progressive coalition in America but a conventional Republican fringe candidate whose fraudulent presence in the race could not have been a more predictable boon to the cause of the Republican nominee and his allies of the right.

Phil Grandmaison
Nashua, New Hampshire

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TRB

FROM WASHINGTON

Reagan's Reckoning

Congress returns in two weeks, and President Reagan faces an awesome confrontation. Instead of the balanced budget which he promised for next year, he will have a deficit of $100 billion or $150 billion unless he does something about it. If he does something about it—namely, cuts spending and boosts taxes—he will have a political problem on his hands. Nobody knows what he will do. There is still an element of the improbable about Reagan. He is the one who promised to spend more for the military, to cut taxes, and to have a supply-side surplus. People hesitate to criticize him while the outcome is so uncertain. Yet reality keeps breaking in. Now we are on the verge of a showdown.

It has been like this in foreign affairs, too. Was there a real Libya crisis with a hit team of presidential assassins, or was it imaginary? It stirred the newspapers, and now it has blanked out again like a forgotten nightmare. Or take China, with a billion people—a quarter of the human race. Ever since Nixon, American Presidents have wooed China to get it away from the Soviets. But Reagan promised to sell Taiwan airplane replacements and China is once more pulling away from the United States. Then there's the Soviet Union. That has always seemed a particularly simple problem for Ronald Reagan. He outlined it at the Republican convention in 1980. Just be tough with them (the way he handled the air controllers' strike). And what about Poland? That is the latest problem. Here, too, the answer is uncomplicated. What is needed is a direct approach, muscular rhetoric, and the firm knowledge that Russia is responsible. Yes, unfortunate Poland is the traditional attack route on Russia. The corridor has been used by Napoleon, Wilhelm II, and Hitler. Russians are supersensitive about it. Germany's Helmut Schmidt looks on dubiously and, like other Europeans, rejects sanctions. Maybe he is insensitive to the Poles' misfortune. I am interested here in the exploration of Reagan's world. He is guided by a range of strongly held beliefs, many of them admirable. But they also tend to be restricted, and some of his convictions, I think, are wrong.

For example, Reagan gave a Christmas interview to his fellow conservative, Ben Wattenberg, on PBS. He replied spontaneously to a series of leading questions. Wattenberg asked him how he explains the wave of anti-American neutralism that has passed over Europe, producing some of the greatest demonstrations since World War II. "Oh, those demonstrations," said the President. "You could have used newsreels from the 1960s in America. Yes. Those are all sponsored by a thing called the World Peace Council, which is bought and paid for by the Soviet Union. . . ."

The President was right about the provenance of the council, but breathtakingly wrong in attributing to it control of the entire antinuclear movement in Europe. In the same interview he charged that many New Dealers in Roosevelt's days espoused fascism, and that Roosevelt's Interior Secretary, Harold Ickes, later wrote that "what we were striving for was a kind of modified form of communism." This is nonsense. It is to be examined as indicating the President's facile cataloguing of complicated problems.

Washington is pleased, on the whole, that William Clark is stepping into the shoes of the ousted Richard Allen as national security adviser. Allen quarreled with Alexander Haig and lacked daily access to the President, which Clark (an old friend of Reagan's) now gets. Though it might seem odd in some countries to have the national security adviser to the President be a man who has known little about foreign affairs, Clark is an impressive team player and a quick learner.

It might be a good idea for Clark to

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

JANUARY 20, 1982

OUR GERMAN PROBLEM

In the wake of the Polish coup, Americans have become disappointed with their European allies, particularly the West Germans. Americans are embarrassed to find themselves, as Walter Laqueur put it, acting more European than the Europeans. When the U.S. took the lead in imposing sanctions against Poland and the Soviet Union for crushing Solidarity, it found, somewhat to its surprise, that no one seemed to be following.

We shouldn't have been so surprised. Western disarray over the Polish crisis is the predictable result of miscalculating Soviet tactics and misunderstanding European interests. No one doubts that a united Western front and a freezing of relations with the Soviets would have followed a Warsaw Pact invasion. But the alliance simply was not prepared for a unified response to a Soviet-sponsored "internal" solution. And no wonder. Before the coup of December 13, most Western thinking about Poland contained three myths: that Solidarity represented a social revolution too advanced to be reversed or repressed, except by massive external invasion; that Poles would never fire on Poles; and that General Jaruzelski was a patriot who would not do Moscow's dirty work. The Soviets finessed Western preparations by arranging to crush Solidarity by proxy. Always ready to fight the last war, the West was alert to the possibility of a Hungarian- or Czech-style invasion. What the Russians did instead was to revive their older methods of subduing East European countries: lightning coups, mass internments, everything but throwing ministers out of windows. Those sorts of things were supposed to have gone out with the earliest days of the cold war. Poland wasn't invaded—it was defenestrated. And the West was unprepared.

But the fundamental reason for European reluctance to take measures against the Soviet Union is simply that Western Europe has much more invested in detente than the U.S. does. This is particularly true of the Germans. Ostpolitik is the centerpiece of the foreign policy of the Social Democratic Party. It has brought relaxation of tensions on the Eastern frontier, renewal of ties with East Germany, and dreams, however remote, of eventual reunification as a result of the gradual withering away of the blocs. But ostpolitik promised more than just benefits for the Germans. It was built on the premise that enhanced relations with the West would modify Soviet behavior and permit liberalization in the satellites. Poland demonstrates that ostpolitik does not inhibit the Soviets from exercising hegemony over Eastern Europe. But for Chancellor Helmut Schmidt's party to admit the failures of ostpolitik is to question ten years of Social Democratic leadership.

The West Germans have more at stake economically as well as politically. Their trade with the Soviet Union and Poland is several times larger than America's. Moreover, the kind of high technology embargo the U.S. is pushing for is carefully designed to minimize the impact on U.S.-Soviet trade, but it would virtually abolish European trade with the Soviet Union. In 1979, manufacturing exports made up 18 percent of all U.S. exports to the Soviet Union. They made up 96 percent of West German exports to the Soviet Union. In fact, it is rather hypocritical for the U.S. to demand that the Europeans join in the cutoff of high technology when, in the American context, such a move is purely symbolic. It will cost, at most, a few million dollars of government aid to Caterpillar Tractor. Had the U.S. wanted to deal the Soviets an effective and costly blow, it would have imposed a grain embargo (or would never have removed the one imposed by President Carter). If President Reagan is unwilling to make a move against the Soviets that incurs significant domestic costs, how can he demand that the Europeans do so?

He can't. But to ask the Europeans to sacrifice more materially and politically than the U.S. is one thing. To ask them to provide moral and rhetorical support is another. Indeed, many European countries have re-

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sponded. France's Socialists have led the way, with passionate denunciations of the repression and efforts to toughen the language of Common Market declarations. Italy and Britain have followed suit. West Germany's response has been appalling. Its latest move was to change the Common Market stand from one of "condemning" to "deploring" the Polish coup. Under severe White House pressure, Mr. Schmidt has now conceded that the Soviets exerted "serious pressure" against Poland's bid for a socialist renewal. But since mid-December, West Germany has issued a series of morally obtuse and factually false apologetics for Jaruzelski and his gang. When the military seized power in Poland, Mr. Schmidt found himself in East Germany. He refused to cut short his visit, and declared that the East German Premier was "just as shocked as I that this was necessary." Mr. Schmidt also found it necessary to join all the Soviet satellites in wishing Leonid Brezhnev a happy 75th birthday, one week into Poland's "state of war." And Mr. Schmidt, who fancies himself "a bridge" between East and West, allowed himself to be walked over by Polish Deputy Premier Mieczyslaw Rakowski, who went to West Germany demanding caution and more credits, and offered nothing in return. One can only imagine the demoralizing effect that the news of Mr. Rakowski's welcome in West Germany must have had on the Polish people.

THESE WEST GERMAN actions have caused anger in the U.S., and even some irrational thinking. The *Wall Street Journal* ran an article on its editorial page proposing, of all things, American withdrawal from NATO. Naturally, the author denied that pique was the motive; he insisted, instead, it was U.S. self-interest. If the Europeans don't want us, why should we risk our security by keeping a trip wire on the West German border? In the past few months there has been talk of reviving the Mansfield Amendment, which would bring American troops in Europe back home. The Administration has dropped similar hints. Last fall, Arthur Burns, the U.S. Ambassador in Bonn, told a West German audience that the 350,000 American soldiers in Europe would not stay there "if they are not welcome." Mr. Burns's remarks were made in response to the demonstrations against U.S. missiles, but last week, just before Mr. Schmidt's arrival in Washington, U.S. officials were quietly drawing attention to Burns's speech. There is a new strain of conservative isolationism in the land. Its proponents, the direct descendants of those who advocated Fortress America in the 1930s and lamented our entry into World War II, would like to see us batten down our hatches and let Europe fend for itself.

The foolishness of such a policy is almost too obvious to state. If we allow Western Europe to fall under Soviet sway or even to be Finlandized, the balance of power everywhere would irrevocably and fatally shift in favor of the Soviets. It would be economically, politically, and, perhaps most important, morally disastrous for the U.S. To abandon our allies because they are lagging is the ultimate act of shooting oneself in the foot. In any case, the European response outside of Germany has been, if not noble, adequate. As for West Germany, its conscious downplaying of the Polish crisis is a function both of the political needs of the Social Democratic Party and of West Germany's predicament of being deeply enmeshed in the web of detente, a position arrived at not without U.S. encouragement during the euphoric Nixon era of detente. No one was more trapped in that web than Willy Brandt, who, four days after the coup, issued a disgraceful statement—quickly repudiated by the board of the Socialist International—expressing "concern," warning against "strongly worded declarations," and concluding with a wish that "economic cooperation with and assistance for Poland will be continued." As France's *Nouvel Observateur* asked, "How is it that this man—who fought courageously against Nazism, who stood with the Loyalists in Spain, and who, in Warsaw, knelt to ask forgiveness for the crimes of the Third Reich—could not find one word to condemn the present executioners of the Polish people?" The answer seems to be that Mr. Brandt's anguish at the withering of detente had clouded his moral vision.

We are not powerless to dispel those clouds. The U.S. can find better ways than threatening NATO to impress upon the Germans the importance of joining the Western consensus on the Polish counterrevolution. The President might begin by quoting to Mr. Schmidt the words of Joseph Joffe, an editor of *Die Zeit*, that "it is not a matter of 'dying for Danzig' but of self-respect." (And genuine self-respect would impel us not to rush to the Geneva arms talks now upgraded to the ministerial level. For when Secretary Haig meets Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko, the Soviets will know that it is still business as usual.)

THE U.S. STILL retains some real leverage over West Germany—and it is not the threat of a troop pullout. That threat is neither credible nor useful, since if it were carried out it would instantly neutralize West Germany, and the threat itself simply encourages German unilateralists to believe that the more overtly anti-American their actions, the more likely they will provoke an American response and thus succeed in ridding themselves of the alliance. The real leverage that Reagan has over Mr. Schmidt is the threat that Washington will declare Poland officially in default of the billion dollars or so it owes the U.S. government. In fact if not in form, Poland has already been in default for months. Everyone knows that the consortium of banks and Western governments holding $27 billion of Polish notes is a house of cards (see William Quirk, "The Polish Bailout," TNR, June 27, 1981). As soon as any creditor, even one of the smaller ones, declares Poland to be in default and seeks to

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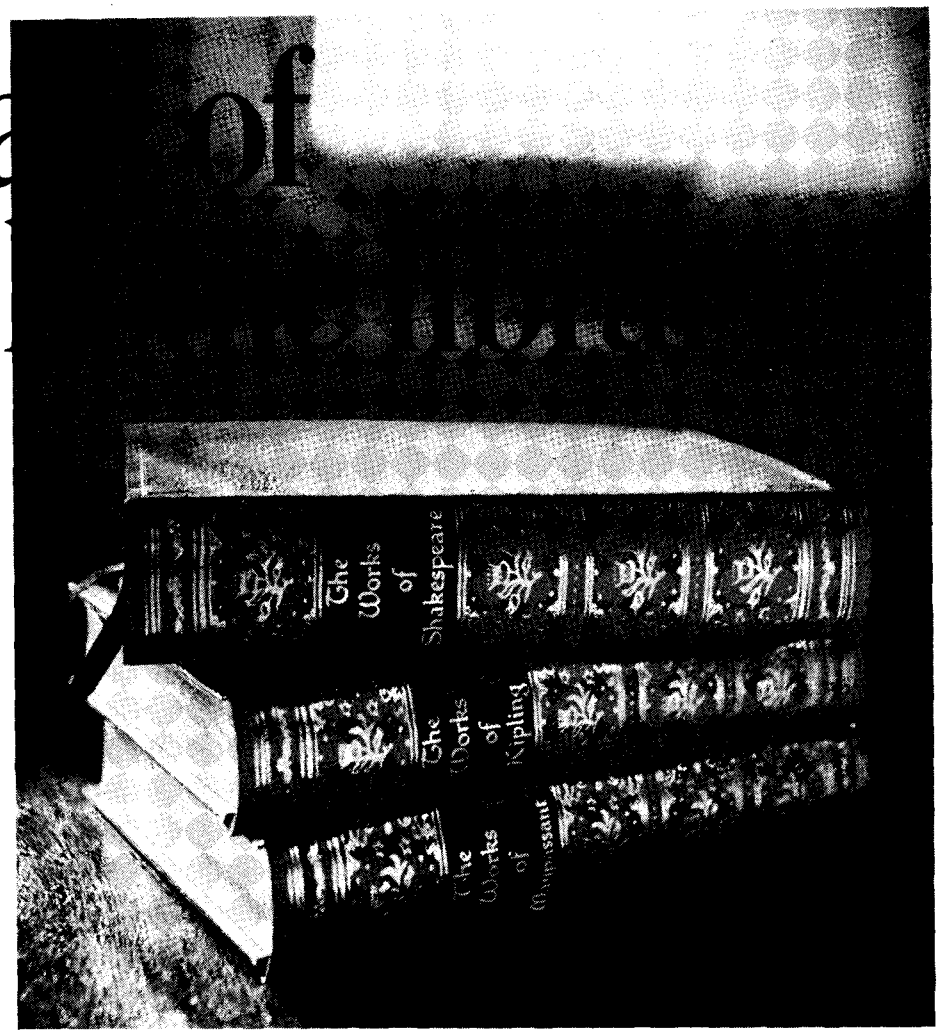

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attach Polish assets, the other creditors will quickly get in line to get what they can before it is too late. Then the Soviets would either have to bail out the Poles, or risk the loss of creditworthiness and consequent disaster for the Soviet bloc economies. The reason this action threatens West Germany also is that it is most heavily invested in Poland. Germany has more than $4.5 billion in outstanding Polish loans. Some of the larger German banks might go under as a result of a Polish default. And the German economy which has grown dependent on East-West trade would suffer a severe shock from a Soviet bloc collapse. There is no need for the President to trumpet this threat very loudly. The Germans know how vulnerable they are. It makes more sense to urge them into a united stand on Poland by appealing to their pocketbooks than by threatening what remains of the NATO alliance.

NOTEBOOK

☐ A COLLEAGUE, defense analyst David Thomas, calls our attention to a particularly insidious manifestation of the widespread tendency to prettify the true nature of the events in Poland: the relentless characterization of those events as a "crackdown." This is a word otherwise routinely used to describe a hardening policy by legitimate authorities toward crime—as in "crackdown on drug traffic" or "crackdown on prostitutes." To use it to describe the Polish regime's war against the Polish people is a case of semantic subversion of reality. The arrests, the beatings, the shootings, and the commandeering of all means of communication and information by the organs of state security and special paramilitary units—closely linked to, or supervised by, the KGB—do not constitute a crackdown. What this amounts to is nothing less than full-scale repression, and that's what it should be called.

☐ FIFTY YEARS AGO IN THE NEW REPUBLIC: "Mayor Walker of New York accuses the bankers of sabotaging the city by charging a high interest rate for the large sum it has recently been compelled to borrow. The bankers retort that the city's finances are in such shape that its credit is rapidly becoming exhausted. Philadelphia has been forced actually to cease paying salaries; a proposed tax increase was stopped by an angry demonstration of the citizens. Chicago has been without necessary funds for months; teachers have not been paid, and now the city may have to give up the elementary jobs of government by failing to pay its policemen and firemen. The plight of these three largest cities in the nation may be paralleled all the way down the scale of local governments to the most sparsely settled rural communities." ("The Collapse of Local Governments," January 20, 1932.)

WHITE HOUSE WATCH

HISTORY RESUMES

A KEY UNDERLYING issue of the 1980 campaign was control: could the American people, through their government, control their destiny? Jimmy Carter said not really. "Inexorable historical movements," he told reporters on the day after his defeat, "are such that we don't have control over some things that we formerly did." Those movements, he said at various times, included the loss of America's postwar domination of the world economy, the disappearance of cheap energy, the Soviet Union's rise to a position of nuclear parity, and the increasing inability of Presidents to get Congress to enact their programs.

Ronald Reagan claimed we could restore things to the way they were in days of yore. We could have prosperity without inflation, he said, merely by cutting taxes and otherwise getting government off the people's backs. The burst in productivity would be so great, said he, that government revenues would sustain themselves in spite of the tax reductions, requiring no federal program cuts, only elimination of "waste, fraud, and abuse." It would even be possible, he said, to raise military spending at the same time and "make America great again."

It would have been out of character for Americans, faced with a choice between can-do and can't-do, to pick anyone but Reagan. They did so in proportions that made pundits talk of 1980 as one of those watershed or realignment elections—an 1836, 1860, 1896, or 1932—when party loyalties shift decisively for a generation or more. Reagan's identification with FDR, the notion that the Republican Party had new ideas while the Democrats were tired out, and the Republican capture of the Senate made it seem that Reagan might avoid the fate of his four predecessors, all of whose presidencies ended in failure. It seemed he might actually accomplish his revolution, win full control of Congress, and make himself a pivotal figure in American history.

During most of his first year in office, Reagan confounded those "inexorable historical forces." It had been predicted that the "iron triangle" of congressional subcommittee staffs, executive department bureaucrats, and private-interest groups would thwart his legislative program. But he skirted the subcommittees by working his first round of spending cuts through the budget reconciliation process. He beat the Democratic leadership and the House Ways and Means Committee to get his tax bill through, and he won a new round of budget cuts late in the year. He did all this by appealing to the population at large on television, and congressional awe at his communications

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skills carried the day. It seemed possible that the electronic bully pulpit, as used by a skilled actor, might be a substitute for the long-lost system under which congressional leaders obeyed the President and members of Congress obeyed their leaders.

Most analyses of Reagan's first year credited him not only with skill in getting his program enacted, but also with having attempted and achieved a true turnaround in the way the government does business—a "revolution." Even those who think that Reagan's program is disastrous economic and social policy acknowledge that he has set historic changes in motion—cutting marginal tax rates for wealthy persons, the group most likely to save and invest; virtually eliminating corporate income taxes, which theoretically should stimulate further investment; reducing the intrusiveness of the federal government into the private economy; and programming major increases in defense spending.

IN HIS ANALYSIS in the *Washington Post* on January 3, David Broder predicted that 1982 would be a harder year for Reagan than 1981 was, but implied that Reagan's first year had disproved the case of Carterites and political scientists who claimed that only institutional reform could make Presidents successful. Broder wrote:

> Look back upon 1981 with wonder, o ye former presidents, Cabinet officers, and White House counselors who were declaring, just a year before, that American government was trapped in an impasse that only constitutional change could cure. Give us a six-year presidency, they said. Give the president authority to dissolve Congress and force a new election if it balked at bringing his program to a vote. Roll back the 'reforms' that decentralized power in Congress, that emasculated the political parties and emboldened single-interest groups. . . .

Ronald Reagan, Broder contended, had "proved that a President and his party, using nothing more than the existing tools of politics and persuasion, were all that were needed."

This may be true for 1981, but the difficulties Reagan faces in 1982 not only suggest that the going will be rough, but that Reagan may not prove to be an exception to history after all and might fail just as his predecessors did. The main target of Broder's barb, for example, former White House counselor Lloyd Cutler, is sticking to his controversial contention (expressed in the fall 1980 issue of *Foreign Affairs*) that structural changes are necessary to enable a modern President to govern.

"Reagan had an extraordinary first year, or at least an extraordinary eight or nine months," Cutler told me in an interview. "We are about to see, even with his skills, that the President's ability to make and execute policy has a relatively short leash. It's perhaps more than Carter could accomplish in his first year, but the frustrations and disappointments are about to set in between what the public sees as results and its expectations, and what the President promised he could do and what he can deliver.

"Reagan's personal stamp is on his program more than was true for Carter, but we are going to see the President say—in fact, he's already beginning to say—that Congress changed what he wanted. And Congress will say, 'Oh no, we didn't,' and once again there'll be a lot of confusion about whose fault it was—or whether it was anybody's fault—and once again we'll bet on some other horse in 1982 and 1984."

The specific problems facing Reagan for 1982 are fairly clear and are admitted both by his own assistants and by his congressional allies. Reagan probably cannot sustain the phenomenal party solidarity he achieved among Republicans during 1981. In an election year, parochial issues are more likely to govern a legislator's votes than national ones. Reagan's own Cabinet, pulled tightly into the White House orbit when its members were new and inexperienced, now is much more subject to centrifugal forces—interest group influence and bureaucratic appeals—that afflicted previous Administrations. The Democratic opposition is likely to be less cowed and more vocal during 1982, charging that Reagan's "revolution" is wrecking the economy, not repairing it.

In fact, of course, the economy is not doing well, and this is bad for the President both in itself and because it diminishes the credibility Reagan needs to keep his revolution rolling. Recessions swell government deficits by reducing tax revenues and by increasing outlays for unemployment compensation and other relief programs. The bigger deficits add to the national debt, meaning higher debt service payments and upward pressure on interest rates. Inflation goes down in recessions, but that doesn't usually help the government immediately, because indexed social programs (Social Security, for example) are pegged to past high inflation rates. When the recession finally ends, the economy (and government revenues) will have to climb back from a depressed level; lost production, wages, and tax revenues are lost permanently.

REAGAN AND HIS economic aides can say the recession is not their fault, and they may be right, but whoever is President inevitably gets blamed for bad times. The polls show that Reagan is getting blamed right now. In April, the Harris survey showed 58 percent of the population thought Reagan was doing an excellent or good job in handling the economy, and 36 percent rated him fair or poor. At the end of October, those figures had virtually reversed themselves. An Associated Press-NBC poll in mid-November showed that 35 percent had a favorable opinion of Reagan's handling of the economy, and 62 percent were unfavorable.

At a recent conference sponsored by the public opin-

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ion magazine *Opinion Outlook*, Humphrey Taylor of the Harris organization described these trends as "typical" for recent Presidents: "First people start to criticize the President's inability to make things better, and his ratings on specific domestic and economic policies fall. Second, the President's overall job rating falls as people increasingly doubt the performance will live up to the promise. It takes a bit longer for people to lose faith in the aims and objectives of the President himself. The faith lingers on that his objectives and policies are praiseworthy, but that sadly he lacks what it takes to implement them. Only at the very end, and with great reluctance, do the American people stop thinking well of the President himself as a person." The editors of *Opinion Outlook* say in their latest issue that "all the major polls suggest that the first step in the process has taken hold, and the second step is now beginning."

Reagan has already acknowledged that he cannot balance the budget, as promised, by fiscal 1984. Cutting marginal tax rates has not caused productivity to surge in such a way that federal revenues maintained themselves. Reagan's deficits are gigantic, meaning that interest rates are likely to rise again the minute the recession ends, choking off the next recovery. The President is faced with the necessity—no joy in an election year—of asking for more than $30 billion in new program cuts in fiscal year 1983, and he is being urged to raise taxes. This flies in the face of his most firmly held ideological beliefs and also looks like a retrenchment. It probably is true that Reagan's overall economic purpose—the shift of resources from the public sector to the private economy—is necessary to restore this country to prosperity, but there is real reason to doubt now whether Reagan will ever be able to achieve it. If he does not, then yet another American President will have failed.

LLOYD CUTLER thinks the problem is endemic. "Presidents and candidates tend to be the little engine that could," he said. "They come to office saying, 'I know how to fix this,' and raise the public's expectations, when half the time the problem is not fixable by government. I don't think we know how to deal with stagflation. Even if Paul Volker were head of the Federal Reserve, were President, and had proxies from a majority of Congress, I think we'd still have a hell of a time figuring out what to do. And the second problem is that of getting his program through. The upcoming election—the mid-term referendum on a President's program—comes so quickly that it's hard to hold anybody to a consistent line of policy." As to television liberating Reagan from the inexorable forces limiting U.S. Presidents, Cutler says it's a possibility, given Reagan's experience and talent, but the general rule is that "television wears its stars out. It wears out anyone who is tempted to use it, who reaches for that prize and that power to reach people."

According to Lloyd Cutler, there is considerable academic interest—but little public demand—for the kind of quasi-parliamentary reforms that he suggested in his *Foreign Affairs* article. One major effort will be launched soon, headed by former columnist Charles Bartlett, for enactment of an amendment giving Presidents a single six-year term. However, my guess is that if Reagan fails, the American public will not assume it was the system's fault, but Reagan's, and will turn to someone offering a new can-do formula—probably one calling for hard "planning" of the economy, wage-price controls, credit allocation, and a "partnership" among business, labor, and the government. That prospect is enough to make anyone with a distaste for bureaucracy and an affection for freedom say a small prayer for Ronald Reagan's success.

MORTON KONDRACKE

More oom-pah-pahs for the buck.

MUSICAL WARS

IT WAS BOUND to be found: the money for military bands and other musical units in the Defense Department budget recommendations. And what was discovered was not only that the Reagan Administration plans no cuts in these appropriations, but that it proposes, contrary to its general reductionist bent, to increase the musically martial money for the next fiscal year to $89.7 million.

This *fortissimo* spending is under attack from three separate and distinct enemies. The first group is the pure budget cutters, a subspecies of which holds that if the budget is cut anywhere it should be cut everywhere, without distinction or prejudice. They hold that if the fat is to be omitted from the defense budget, then military music should be muted, too. If the nation can get along with fewer food stamps and not so many MX missiles, they ask, why can't it get along with fewer tubas?

The second line of attack is from members of Congress who have risen above financial considerations where the defense budget is concerned but question the impact of music upon national security. Some of these—the militarists who fear that the West is losing the will to resist—have heard that "music hath charms to soothe the savage breast." They worry that too much music, especially of the gentler or the more syncopated kind being played by some military ensembles, may dull the military spirit.

The third front on which the military musicians are besieged is manned and womanned by lovers of better music and the higher culture. They do not argue

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directly against the military bands appropriations, but make the relative argument that these outlays should not be increased, if, as recommended by the Reagan Administration, the appropriation for support of the civilian arts is to be cut by 50 percent to a mere $77 million, approximately $13 million less than that being proposed for the uniformed instrumentalists. Senator Edward Kennedy, in a letter asking for contributions to his Fund for a Democratic Majority, makes a special point of calling attention to these budget items. He writes, "The new military budget, for example, contains more money—$89.9 million—for military bands than the entire budget proposed for the National Endowment for the Arts." And Representative Fred Richmond of New York, addressing the same point, said, "There are three full [military] bands in the Washington area, and each of them has a larger budget than the National Symphony Orchestra," and added, "I don't think it's fair."

WHETHER THE appropriations are unfair is open to challenge. Obviously they are not equitable in comparison with those proposed for the National Endowment for the Arts. But the case against the military music appropriations cannot successfully be made on grounds of equity and fairness. There are deeper and more complex forces operating here.

Maintaining separate musical units has always been a mark of pride and of practicality among the separate services. The popularity of the Marine Band was a formidable obstacle when the Pentagon, during the early 1960s, attempted to liquidate the Marine Corps. Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara, in his efforts to unify the armed forces, never got to the point of trying to unify the bands. He was routed far earlier. But it was suspected that he did have long-range contingency plans for an eventual try at melding together the musical groups of the branches of the armed forces. These plans were never activated, possibly because of the failure of his effort to provide one fighter airplane, originally known as the TFX, which, it was projected, would satisfy the needs of all branches of the armed services. The same fate befell a proposal to have one religion for the whole military establishment, a kind of G.I. religion, which would be taken up when a person enlisted and left behind when he or she was discharged.

It is not only separation among the forces that is at issue here, it is also the competition among them. The growth of music appropriations for the armed forces reflects, in addition to the general growth in military spending, the rivalry among the services for possession and control of weapons and weapons systems.

In arms competition, each branch of our armed forces seeks to be fully prepared to carry out the three kinds of possible military action, defined by the Pentagon as conventional war, unconventional (nuclear) war, and irregular or "guerrilla" war. In the realm of music they seek to be similarly flexible.

The bedrock of musical preparedness is, of course, the conventional military band. In this category are the basic marching bands of the Army, the Navy, the Air Force, and the Marine Corps. Like the Pentagon itself, these bands tend to be heavy on the brass. The Army has 50 basic bands. The Navy has 17, some of which are equipped with life jackets. The Marine Corps has 10. And the Air Force has 20, which can be divided into roughly three kinds, comparable to bombing wings, fighter wings, and missile emplacements.

In addition to the marching bands, the separate services each have a variety of "unconventional" and "irregular" musical groups. On the choral front, the Army is clearly ahead since it can call upon the massed vocal power of the "U.S. Army Chorus." The Navy has the "Sea Chanters," and the Air Force has the "Singing Sergeants." In the jazz theater of operations, the Army deploys a unit known as the "Army Blues." The Navy's able-bodied jazzmen are called "The Commodores," and the Air Force, at a moment's notice, can scramble a jazz combo called "Airmen of Note."

The Army, in its diversified musical arsenal, has a Chamber Orchestra, a Brass Quartet, a String Quartet, a unit called the Herald Trumpets (specializing in fanfares), and a Fife and Drum Corps.

The Navy counters with an elite instrumental combo, "Cross Current." The Navy also has a country bluegrass group, and "Port Authority," which plays rock 'n' roll. The latter groups, the Navy says, are used principally for recruiting. The Navy has no string group, leaving a dangerous window of vulnerability in its Montovani-class strike force. The Air Force, however, partially closes the gap with "The Strolling Strings." The Air Force also has a rapid deployment rock band called "Mach I." It once had a unit of Scottish pipes, since discontinued in favor of all-weather musical technology.

The Marine Corps makes a point of not breaking its musicians into specialized units. This is consistent with the Corps's tradition of going anywhere and of doing anything it is called upon to do. Its spokesperson says that members of the Marine Band can be selected, on request, to perform any kind of musical mission from Bach to rock; from band and orchestra, combo and ensemble, to solo work on instruments like guitar and harp; from the Halls of Montezuma to (as seems increasingly likely) the Shores of Tripoli.

I DISCOVERED the seriousness of the musical competition among the armed services some 15 years ago, when I was approached, as a Senator, by a spokesman for the Navy about a nomination for appointment to the Academy at Annapolis. I anticipated that he might have a football player in mind, or possibly a hockey player, as Minnesota was the best domestic source of college hockey players when the

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colleges and academies first began to show an interest in that sport. But it was not an athlete the Navy was seeking. It was a young man who could play the French horn. They had recruited well. I nominated their choice for the Academy. In the end, he decided not to go. But he did eventually serve with distinction in the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra.

The emphasis upon musical units in the military demonstrates the validity of an observation made by de Tocqueville in *American Democracy*, namely, that a large military establishment in a democracy, during a long period of relative peace, begins to take on the character of a separate civil society, developing within itself institutions comparable to those which exist in the civilian realm. Thus our military has its own retirement program, its own educational system, its own newspapers, its own medical service, and its own retail distribution system, the PX, second only, according to a recent study, to Sears Roebuck in its volume of distribution. And of course it has its own musical units, paralleling, imitating, and in some cases improving upon the nonmilitary society's music. Some of these military bands are really quite good. So if it is true that military intelligence is to intelligence as military music is to music, there may yet be hope for the efficacy of American espionage.

EUGENE MCCARTHY

Eugene McCarthy is a writer, poet, and occasional candidate.

Attempted revival of a lost cause.

NUCLEAR WHITE ELEPHANT

AFTER MONTHS of anticipation, the Reagan Administration has formally begun what it promised to do during the 1980 presidential campaign: revive the ailing nuclear power industry by, among other things, lifting the ban on commercial reprocessing of spent utility fuel clamped on by President Carter in 1977. The future of South Carolina's Barnwell Nuclear Fuel Plant, however, the only commercial facility in the United States that can be used for that purpose, remains as shadowy as ever. "I doubt if it [lifting the ban] will make any real difference," says Gerald Brubaker, a former staffer for the Council on Environmental Quality and now an aide on a subcommittee of the House Energy and Commerce Committee. "Short of direct federal subsidies or federal acquisition—and I don't see that in the cards—commercial reprocessing just isn't likely to happen, because it doesn't make economic sense."

Still, Congress continues to forge ahead. Although straining to make further spending cuts in apparently expendable items, such as welfare payments, food stamps, child nutrition programs, and the arts and sciences, it recently appropriated another $10.5 million to the Barnwell plant, bringing to $64 million the total expended in federal research funds in the past four years. Designed to spew out recycled fuel for nuclear power plants, this expanse of putty gray buildings located 60 miles southwest of Columbia, the state capital, has never opened. The largest modern spent-fuel reprocessing facility in the world has existed in a sort of half-life of federal research funds and development grants since the 1977 ban, which was imposed by Carter because of concerns that the recycled plutonium extracted during reprocessing could be hijacked by terrorists and turned into a nuclear bomb.

ALTHOUGH Secretary of Energy James B. Edwards, a former governor of South Carolina and a long-time supporter of the facility, calls the Barnwell plant a "second" Alaska pipeline, neither the private nor the public sector seems to want it. Its wealthy corporate owners—Allied-General Nuclear Services, a consortium of Allied Corporation, Gulf Oil, and Royal Dutch/Shell Oil—tried unsuccessfully for the past two years to convince the federal government to take the $362-million facility off their hands, and recently announced plans to write off the plant and shut it down next October. The private utilities say they won't touch Barnwell either, even though they are fast running out of room to store spent fuel rods on site at the nation's nuclear power plants. The risk to their investors is too great because of the "uncertainty and unreliability" of government policy, they say, not to mention the unfavorable financial condition of the nuclear industry.

President Reagan and budget chief David Stockman rejected Secretary Edwards's pleas for federal acquisition of the plant, in a blunt memo in March 1981. (The government would have to spend at least $710 million to complete the plant before it could be opened.) Representatives Morris Udall of Arizona and John Dingell of Michigan, both chairmen of key energy committees, are also flatly opposed to a federal takeover of Barnwell. Even a former supporter of the facility, South Carolina Representative Butler Derrick, has turned against it and led the unsuccessful fight in the House last summer to prevent the appropriation of another $10 million in federal funds for this fiscal year. The money, argued Derrick, a Democrat, would "simply allow [the owners] another year to continue their lobbying for federal acquisition."

Of course environmentalists in South Carolina don't want the plant either. They point out that thousands of casks of dangerous radioactive fuel rods would come into the state from all over the nation,

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adding to the tons of low-level radioactive waste already buried at another site in Barnwell County. Reprocessing also produces dangerous high-level liquid wastes. The neighboring Savannah River Plant, a federal installation where parts for atomic weapons are produced, already is burdened with 22 million gallons of the stuff, the result of defense industry reprocessing. (Savannah River is one of three federal plants that reprocesses fuel for military purposes.) Many state officials, including Governor Richard W. Riley, oppose reprocessing and the additional high-level waste it would generate in South Carolina until the federal government decides how to solidify what waste already exists and where to ultimately store it. Fraught with political problems, the decision on where to locate a permanent national repository for high-level waste is not expected until the late 1980s or early 1990s, although President Reagan has expressed his intent to speed up the process.

The Barnwell plant has even received harsh words from Energy Secretary Edwards, known to be one of its staunchest allies. A week after he had been sworn into office last January, Edwards said publicly that the Barnwell plant was seven years old and already obsolete. After a hasty briefing by dismayed Allied-General Nuclear Services officials, Edwards beat a swift retreat. Today he says he is convinced the facility could be "revamped and modernized with no big problems and at no big cost."

WITH SUCH A lengthy list of liabilities, how does the Barnwell plant continue to stay alive? It has become a symbol of the future of nuclear power to both its critics and its advocates. "The real cutting edge is the future of nuclear power," says David Berick of the Environmental Policy Center in Washington, which opposes reprocessing. "The fact that Barnwell is on the verge of being mothballed becomes highly symbolic." Reprocessing also is a crucial component of a dream of the atomic age that may be tattered, but is not dead. That dream, says Luther Carter, a reporter for *Science* magazine who is writing a book on nuclear waste, is "for long-term, abundant nuclear energy for the world based on reprocessing and the breeder."

The breeder reactor was the energy wave of the future, the old Atomic Energy Commission told Congress and the public as far back as the 1950s. It would actually "breed" nuclear fuel, producing more plutonium than it used, and thus would provide a renewable source of electricity. (In fact, however, the costs turned out to be much more than anticipated, as the ongoing controversy over the Clinch River Breeder Reactor in Tennessee has shown.) As for reprocessing, the federal government has continued to recycle fuel for military purposes for more than 30 years. When commercial nuclear power was first promoted by the federal government, it was assumed that spent fuel from reactors would be recycled in similar fashion for its leftover uranium and plutonium content. Allied-General Nuclear Services had no doubt this would be the case when in 1968, during the heyday of nuclear power, it bought land in Barnwell County for a civilian nuclear fuel reprocessing plant. But in the 1970s, concern grew in Washington about the nuclear bomb-quality plutonium which could be diverted from a plant like Barnwell. In 1976 President Ford ordered a "delay" in civilian fuel reprocessing. The next year President Carter deferred commercial reprocessing "indefinitely."

NOW THE BAN has been lifted, but the technical and economic problems associated with commercial reprocessing are clearer than ever. Simply put, commercial reprocessing is a money-loser, a fact acknowledged by even the nuclear industry's main lobbying group, the Atomic Industrial Forum, as recently as May 1981. According to one study, uranium prices would have to double before reprocessing spent fuel would break even, and then reprocessing would save only 2.5 percent on the cost of generating electricity. But nuclear power plant cancellations, partially as a result of Three Mile Island, have made uranium supplies overly abundant. Until the worldwide glut of new uranium supplies runs out—and no one can foresee when this will occur—reprocessing will not make economic sense. Even the nuclear industry has conceded this by shifting its rationale for federal takeover or government subsidies to two areas. One is that only the federal government can provide the safeguards necessary to prevent the extracted plutonium from being hijacked by terrorists. The other is that the plutonium is needed as initial fuel for the breeder reactor, which *may* come on line in the 21st century.

Even if commercial reprocessing did make economic sense, however, there is the knowledge that, although it has operated with mixed results in Europe, it has been a failure in the United States. The other two commercial facilities that were developed in this country ended in disaster. The facility at Morris, Illinois, never was brought on line because of faulty design and construction. The plant at West Valley, New York, operated only intermittently between 1966 and 1971. It eventually was shut down because of radiation leaks and high exposure levels to workers, leaving the state of New York with a billion-dollar cleanup and 600,000 gallons of liquid, high-level waste on the premises. (Both of these facilities, along with the Barnwell plant, are now being considered by the federal government as possible sites for temporary storage of high-level nuclear wastes.)

But Secretary Edwards remains undaunted. Believing that it "still makes sense to get the good out [of the spent nuclear fuel rods] and bury the bad," he is orchestrating a flurry of activity at the Department of Energy in an attempt to salvage the Barnwell plant. Under discussion are such proposals as a government-

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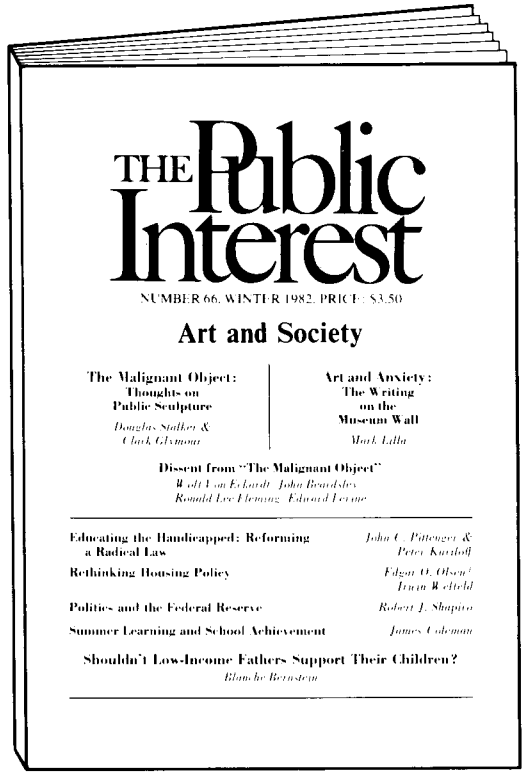
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Art and Society
The Malignant Object: Thoughts on Public Sculpture
Douglas Stalker & Clark Glymour
Art and Anxiety: The Writing on the Museum Wall
Mark Lilla
Dissent from "The Malignant Object"
Wolf Von Eckardt John Beardsley Ronald Lee Fleming Edward Levine
Educating the Handicapped: Reforming a Radical Law
John C. Pittenger & Peter Kuriloff
Rethinking Housing Policy
Edgar O. Olsen & Irwin Welfeld
Politics and the Federal Reserve
Robert J. Shapiro
Summer Learning and School Achievement
James Coleman
Shouldn't Low-Income Fathers Support Their Children?
Blanche Bernstein

DURING THE MORE THAN sixteen years since its founding, *The Public Interest* has been a leading forum for thoughtful discussion of those public issues that most affect the lives and livelihoods of Americans. The newly published Winter 1982 issue features twelve stimulating contributions: six of them comprise a special section on "Art and Society."

The section opens with Douglas Stalker's and Clark Glymour's article, **The Malignant Object.** They argue that when government commissions art for permanent public display, it pays little or no heed to public taste or preferences, but is instead guided by ideological judgments it has no right to impose. Invited to respond to the Stalker-Glymour argument, four other critics and scholars present a lively range of dissenting opinion: Wolf von Eckardt, John Beardsley, Ronald Lee Fleming, and Edward Levine.

The closing contribution in the "Art and Society" section is Mark Lilla's **Art and Anxiety.** Lilla examines the phenomenon of the contemporary American "new brow." Affluent, leisured, product of a generation of mass higher education, the "new brow" is not only a voracious consumer of high culture, but also a fearfully insecure one where artistic knowledge, taste, and perception are concerned. What is the future of the arts, Lilla speculates, in a society whose audience for painting, sculpture, and music is increasingly dominated by these uncertain, anxiety-ridden aesthetes?

The remaining six articles in the Winter 1982 issue deal with such other timely subjects as: Federal housing policy; public education for the handicapped; public welfare assistance to families of absentee fathers; and the reliability of methods for measuring learning among schoolchildren. You will read, for example:

Shouldn't Low Income Fathers Support Their Children? Since 1975, when enabling legislation took effect, the dollar amounts of child support collected from absent fathers of families on welfare have greatly increased everywhere in the nation—except in New York City. Why this exception? Blanche Bernstein, former administrator of the City's Human Resources Administration, charges that the leadership of the entrenched municipal social welfare bureaucracy and most Family Court judges are openly hostile to the law that authorizes such collections, and refuse to cooperate with or implement it.

Educating the Handicapped. John C. Pittenger and Peter Kuriloff spotlight the workings and results to date of the "Education for All Handicapped Children Act." Has it been a "bill of rights" for America's handicapped children, as its sponsors claim? Or has it been, as some critics assert, a largely unworkable monument to the power of the handicapped lobby, saddling school districts with exorbitant costs and cumbersome legal and administrative burdens?

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*Issue July 1, 1979; page 1

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industry corporation as envisioned by Representative Manuel Lujan, Republican of New Mexico, that would buy Barnwell and allow utilities to contract with it for services, or the idea of private financing of Barnwell in return for federal loan guarantees and other assurances. The Bechtel Corporation, the giant San Francisco-based construction firm, which designed both the Barnwell and the West Valley facilities, has suggested forming a private consortium to purchase and operate Barnwell, but probably would do so only if it could be assured of federal licensing plus loan guarantees, and only if Congress passed a statute locking in commercial reprocessing for the long term. But those assurances, say congressional sources, are unlikely. Even if the assurances were possible, according to one official of Allied-General Nuclear Services (which wants no part of any sort of consortium), "anyone would have to have his head examined to put any private money into it." President Reagan's pledge to create the appropriate climate to resuscitate commercial reprocessing very likely would require the infusion of millions of dollars from the federal treasury, money which Reagan has repeatedly told Congress can no longer be squandered on costly, ineffectual domestic programs. If even Barnwell's owners agree that private reprocessing is "commercially impracticable," then surely hard-pressed taxpayers should not be asked to assume the cost.

JAN COLLINS STUCKER

Jan Collins Stucker is special assignments writer for the *State* in Columbia, South Carolina. She is a former Nieman Fellow.

Finally, a 'third force'?

THE QUIET CAMBODIAN

CAMBODIAN RESISTANCE leader Son Sann came to Washington last month asking the United States to pay for another war in Indochina—a request that most Americans would regard as so outlandish that the Cambodian likened his plight to that of a mendicant Buddhist monk. "In the early morning the monks take their bowls and go door to door," he said. "They stand outside and wait. They accept anything the house can offer—rice, fish, vegetables. If they stayed inside their pagodas they would have nothing."

Son Sann's pagoda is the border zone inside western Cambodia, the jungles of scrub and palm and now of land mines and booby traps. From there he commands the Khmer People's National Liberation Front, the only significant non-Communist Cambodian army that is fighting the Vietnamese who have occupied the country since 1979. Son Sann is only too aware that he and his movement are anomalies in modern Southeast Asia, a true "third force" conceived 20 years too late.

Today he abjures the term "third force," first used by the French colonials to describe the elusive alternative to communism or corruption. Instead, he says he is a patriot, a member of the "only force" that is fighting to make Cambodia independent, neutral, and democratic. But the more Son Sann denies the heritage of "third force," the more he sounds like the leader Graham Greene's "quiet American" died searching for.

IT'S HARD TO IMAGINE an unlikelier candidate for the role. Seventy years old and reed thin, Son Sann has the discreet manner of a financier, his profession since completing studies at the Hautes Etudes Commerciales in Paris in 1933. He disdains any behavior that hints of demagoguery, to the degree that he often masks his formidable self-confidence by describing himself and his movement in homely country terms. He made his remark about feeling like a monk on morning rounds as he departed for an appointment with Walter J. Stoessel, Under Secretary of State and the third most important man in that department—hardly a beggar's errand.

Still, Son Sann is wise to strike a modest posture. His KPNLF is relatively weak, though it is gaining strength. Since 1979 it has grown from about 1,000 soldiers to an effective army of nearly 8,000 fighters and, he says, an additional 3,000 reservists, protecting a civilian population of more than 100,000 in the movement's Cambodian "liberation zones." This remains a small contingent compared to the two other armies inside Cambodia. Vietnam's occupation force numbers 200,000 soldiers, supported in part by the three million dollars a day in Soviet military aid Hanoi receives. Pol Pot and his Khmer Rouge have an army of 40,000 guerrillas, well armed and well supplied by the Chinese.

It is easy to dismiss Son Sann as a well-intentioned gentleman who would be "eaten alive," as one academic puts it, in a confrontation with either the Khmer Rouge or the Vietnamese. Yet American personalities as different as U.N. Ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick and Representative Stephen Solarz, a liberal Democrat from Brooklyn, admire Son Sann and arranged to meet with him while he was here. In Washington, Assistant Secretary of State for East Asian and Pacific Affairs John H. Holdridge not only conferred with him but hosted a lunch in his honor and attended a private reception for him given by another State Department Asian expert. Official Washington is beginning to take Son Sann seriously, and for good reason.

Son Sann's record is that of an honorable man who has plodded through Cambodia's recent bloody history

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and has come out one of the few surviving democrats. Before the 1970-75 war he served Prince Norodom Sihanouk variously as chief economic adviser, as head of the national bank, and in cabinet positions, including prime minister. He refused to join either side of that bitter war, choosing instead to attempt a negotiated settlement. For his trouble, Son Sann was threatened with death by Sihanouk, who had become titular leader of the Khmer Rouge. In Phnom Penh he barely escaped arrest for publicly calling on the thoroughly corrupt Lon Nol to step aside in the interest of peace.

His mission a complete failure, Son Sann returned to his exile home in Paris, where he mounted an international campaign among overseas Cambodians protesting Lon Nol's successor, Pol Pot, and his reign of terror. The Cambodians listened—and so did the Vietnamese. When they began plotting the overthrow of Pol Pot, the Vietnamese sent quiet feelers to Son Sann asking if he would head a Vietnamese-installed regime in Phnom Penh. He said no. The Vietnamese selected a Khmer Rouge defector, Heng Samrin, who is still the nominal leader of the collaborationist regime.

Son Sann moved to the border zone after the Vietnamese invasion three years ago. After more than a year of "rice wars" among an assortment of Khmer bandits over control of food aid and hence of the refugee population, Son Sann emerged as the popular leader of Cambodia's consolidated anti-Communist movement against Vietnam and Heng Samrin. Surprisingly, the situation inside Cambodia has turned out to be far more fluid than policymakers had predicted after the overthrow of the brutal Pol Pot regime.

The Cambodian people have continued to resist their occupiers. American officials now must decide if they will assist Son Sann as an alternative to Pol Pot for those Cambodians who want to continue their resistance. Within the American government there are those who argue that Pol Pot is the proven fighter, the best hope in the strategy of forcing the Vietnamese to the negotiating table, despite his vile record of murdering his own people. These people also point out that China, America's most important friend in the region, is Pol Pot's sponsor—hence all the more reason not to confuse matters by aiding Son Sann.

BUT AS STATE DEPARTMENT studies from the field have shown, the Khmer Rouge have what is delicately called a "smaller recruitment pool" to draw from than has Son Sann. Cambodians are not volunteering to replace fallen Khmer Rouge soldiers. As a consequence, Pol Pot's army has shrunk from a high of some 80,000 soldiers to an estimated half as many today. Son Sann's force is smaller—but it is growing.

Son Sann came to Washington sensing America's new interest and hoping to gain both material and political support. His financial requisites are small: $30,000 a month for expenses, some 3,000 weapons to fully equip his army, and increased humanitarian food aid. He was pleased with the American response to his requests.

His strategy is working better than the beggar analogy suggests. A more appropriate parallel would be with a public television matching fund drive. Just before leaving his jungle headquarters, Son Sann received his first bilateral aid commitment: some $40,000 from Malaysia, and, from Singapore, an unspecified grant that will include "military aid if necessary." Impressed with these contributions from members of the Association of South East Asian Nations, U.S. officials told Son Sann he could count on increased humanitarian aid. And besides reiterating America's pledge to encourage ASEAN's support for him, U.S. officials added, guardedly, that they would consult with ASEAN to see if the U.S. might find ways to be more helpful—the first public admission that the U.S. was even considering direct aid to the KPNLF.

THE WARM RECEPTION and private political consultations Son Sann had in Washington could be equally important for him when he returns to Bangkok and the continuing discussion of a loose anti-Vietnamese coalition. Since September representatives of the KPNLF, the Khmer Rouge, and Molinaka, the small group headed by Sihanouk, have been meeting under American and ASEAN pressure to agree at least on coordinated military exercises against the Vietnamese. In Washington, Son Sann argued he cannot enter into a dangerous or unequal coalition with the Khmer Rouge. He needs to build his troops until they reach something close to parity with Pol Pot's on the battlefield. Using another of his characteristic peasant images, he said repeatedly, "You can't send me into the tiger cage without a stick!"

Son Sann left Washington with an American pledge to help him find the breathing space he needs. He will take his begging bowl to Europe next. In October, at an ASEAN-Common Market meeting, the European community had promised support for the KPNLF. With his increased leverage from his U.S. trip and the contributions from ASEAN nations, Son Sann thinks he can convince Western Europe to add to his small coffer. In Europe, as here, he will not pretend that his KPNLF has any chance of defeating the Vietnamese militarily. He will not contend that continued harassment will lead inevitably to a negotiated settlement and Vietnamese withdrawal. He will argue, convincingly, that the KPNLF deserves a chance to try.

ELIZABETH BECKER

Elizabeth Becker, a visiting fellow at the Institute for Policy Studies, covered the war in Cambodia for the *Washington Post*. She is writing a book on postwar Indochina for Simon & Schuster.

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INVENTED VS.

Ted Kennedy's career is an invention of modern politics: a bad record hiding behind good public relations.

His story: Ted Kennedy told the *Chicago Tribune* March 13, 1977: "After a period of time in the Senate...you have some impact in matters of public policy."

History: The legislation Kennedy promoted as his top priority, National Health Insurance, never even got out of subcommittee – and he was the subcommittee chairman. Indeed, as long-time Democratic doorkeeper William Miller wrote, "Ted Kennedy is known to stay in a committee meeting only as long as the TV cameras are there. And as they pack up, so does he..."
Source: William Miller, *Fishbait* (1977), p. 90

His story: Ted Kennedy said in a speech May 14, 1978: "The challenge now is to find paths toward solutions which do not begin and end in Washington."

History: Of the *394* new agencies, boards and commissions added to the federal bureaucracy in his first eighteen years in the Senate – from the National Potato Promotion Board to the Sleeping Bear Dunes National Lakeshore Advisory Commission – Ted Kennedy is on record as voting against *2*.
Source: Congressional Record

His story: Ted Kennedy said on ABC Issues and Answers November 25, 1979: "For the United States, I strongly support a strong national defense and I have voted that way over 17 years in the United States Senate."

History: "Kennedy also has been a leading member of the Senate's Pentagon cutback club. Over the years he has voted and worked to delay or kill the anti-ballistic missile system, the B-1 bomber, the AWACS airborne early-warning system, cruise missiles, aircraft carriers, Trident missile submarines, Mark 12A nuclear warheads, and the neutron bomb."
Source: Morton Kondracke, "Kennedy's World," *The New Republic*, Nov. 10, 1979

His story: Ted Kennedy wrote in his tax-paid newsletter to Massachusetts voters this August: "For a family with income of $20,000, their tax cut over the next three years will be a grand total of $1,056 – not even enough to offset the increased taxes they will pay because of 'bracket creep' as inflation drives them into higher and higher tax brackets."

History: Ted Kennedy voted AGAINST the indexing of tax rates, which would have stopped "bracket creep." He has consistently voted FOR bills that shift more of the tax burden onto the middle class. He voted AGAINST President Reagan's tax cut, which will cut everyone's tax rate by 25%.
Sources: Congressional Record; Warren Brookes, economist; Professors A. Ott and L. Dittrich, "The Effects of Tax Law Changes" (1981)

His story: Ted Kennedy sent a message to a Boston rally this past July for "Captive Nations Week": "...one of my deepest commitments has been to the freedom of dissidents in Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union."

History: In *Decisions for a Decade,* published the very year Russian tanks invaded Czechoslovakia, Ted Kennedy brushed off the whole idea of captive satellite nations: "Twenty years ago, the Soviet Union commanded a string of satellite states...Today, with the exception of East Germany, Russia has no more satellites."

Note: At the time Ted Kennedy made that statement, these countries were Soviet satellites: Hungary, Bulgaria, Rumania, Estonia, Poland, Armenia, Mongolia, Latvia, Lithuania, Czechoslovakia, Albania, North Korea, East Germany, Cuba and North Vietnam. Since then, the following nations have been brought under Communist subjugation: Cambodia, South Vietnam, Laos, Nicaragua, Angola, Ethiopia, Afghanistan and South Yemen.

His story: Ted Kennedy said September 10, 1976: "To a person in public life, nothing is more distressing today than the massive cynicism, hostility, and outright distrust that is undermining the people's basic faith and confidence in government..."

History: "One morning (Kennedy) had scheduled a health subcommittee hearing and a judiciary subcommittee hearing at the same time. He called his health people. 'How many TV cameras have you got me?' he asked. They said six. Then he called his judiciary people and said, 'They have six cameras over there. How many do you have?' They had eight. So he called the health people back and said, 'Sorry, they have two more, I guess I'll go to theirs'."
Source: Anne Taylor Fleming, "Kennedy: Times of Decision," *New York Times Magazine* June 24, 1979

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INVENTOR

Ray Shamie created new technology for medicine, aerospace, anti-pollution...and created 500 new jobs in the process.

It is no coincidence that the great inventions of modern times have come out of the world's freest society. America has cars, phones, computers, televisions and more, *not* because politicians passed a bill to invent these things, but because people were free to experiment, to invest, to compete... to succeed.

It is also no coincidence that the world's most inventive nation became the world's wealthiest nation. With every new invention came new jobs and new wealth.

My story is not unusual. When I worked for an industrial firm, I told them of an idea I had for new welding techniques to make precision metal bellows. They told me the cost to develop it wasn't worth the risk. So I decided to leave, to invest everything I owned and could borrow, and start my own company. Today nearly 500 people work for Metal Bellows Corporation.

Our average employee earned $23,000 last year. Our profit-sharing plan paid the equivalent of one to two months' salary as a cash bonus. And I think they deserve more.

I think they deserve the unlimited opportunities of a growing economy.

But that is not the future painted by liberal economists. They warn us that we're reaching the limits of our growth, that we must accept a future of shared scarcity. They tell us small is beautiful – for us, not for government.

They won't admit that high interest rates, high inflation, high taxes and high unemployment are the result of their treating our free, enterprising economy like political "play-dough". They still don't understand that "redistributing wealth" by over-taxing the middle class and small business crushes the very thing that creates wealth: the motivation to risk and work.

My company, for example, has risked three million dollars over the last nine years developing a new medical product -- now pending approval by the Federal Food and Drug Administration. It is a small device containing medicine, which is implanted in the body through surgery. The medicine can then be administered directly to a diseased organ, freeing the patient from hospital confinement.

One medical researcher reported that 80% of the liver cancer patients tested with this device improved, compared to 20% in conventional chemotherapy. It reduced or eliminated the severe side effects of chemotherapy, such as hair loss and nausea, and prolonged their lives as well. And in the near future, a diabetic will be able to punch in his dinner menu on a hand-held calculator, signaling this device to release the precise amount of insulin he needs to eat whatever he wishes.

In these times of high taxes and costly regulation, few companies could afford to develop a product like this. In fact, several turned down the opportunity before I accepted the challenge. Yet consider what an invention like this means to an economy: 600 new, high-paying jobs over the next five years, and in the case of liver cancer now under clinical testing, a reduction in medical costs of up to 70%.

We face an historic decision, we Americans. Are we going to replace our faith in individual choice with Ted Kennedy's faith in government? Are we going to create bureaucratic jobs in Washington or real jobs at home?

I know what it is to be poor. At 16, I became the main support of my family when my father, a union truck driver, died in an accident. I want the poor to have the opportunity I had: a real job in a growing economy, not the empty political promise that government is going to make them *comfortably* poor.

Haven't we outgrown those politicians who promise to spend-tax-regulate our way to a Great Society that will take care of everyone from the cradle to the grave?

I recall a leader who spoke to us of liberty, not dependence. Standing coatless on a cold, windy day in January, twenty years ago, he challenged us in a way that made us proud to be Americans. "Ask not," he said, "what your country can do for you – ask what you can do for your country."

It is time for us as a free people to pick up that fallen torch, and again to seek out new frontiers.

RAY SHAMIE

Republican for U.S. Senate.

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Japan has a problem: the rest of the world.

THE LAST LOCOMOTIVE?

BY DANIEL YERGIN

Tokyo

MOST OF the time, the English-language Japan Cable Television simply broadcasts the Associated Press teletype. One day recently, an item was run and rerun with no less prominence than the U.S.-Libyan diatribe. It was an announcement by Smith-Corona that it was closing two electric typewriter factories in New York State, and was laying off several hundred workers. Smith-Corona, the ticker reported, was blaming the shutdowns on the growing influx of Japanese electric typewriters.

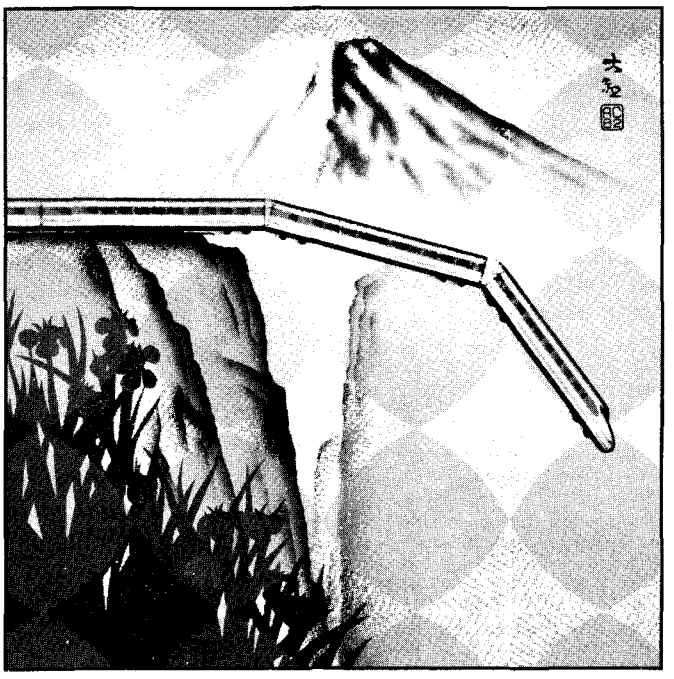

ILLUSTRATION BY ALLEN CARROLL FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

Japanese exports have become an all-purpose alibi for factory closings and layoffs in the United States. Sometimes the rationale is justified, and sometimes it is merely an excuse by the American company for low productivity or poor management, or a pretext for starting up a factory in Taiwan. But as the Smith-Corona announcement shows, a momentum has been building in recent years that has caused deep consternation in businesses throughout the rest of the world: the Japanese locomotive rolls on, with the speed and sleek efficiency of the bullet train between Tokyo and Osaka. It is seemingly unstoppable as it runs over the competition.

But is Japan really unstoppable? Much has been made of Japan's strengths by its competitors, and recently by the Japanese themselves. Yet can a country so integrated in the world economy maintain its pace of economic growth in the context of a deep global downturn? Contrary to outsiders' perceptions, Japan's domestic economy is increasingly sluggish, and although the country has seemed invulnerable to the problems plaguing other industrial nations, there are unmistakable signs that its defenses are cracking. Japan escaped the direct impact of the oil shock that followed the fall of the Shah in 1979, but it is now beginning to experience it indirectly. Protectionism is increasing in the West as nations attempt to shore up their economies, and the constraints on world trade could be deeply felt by Japan.

Not so long ago, there were said to be three economic "locomotives": the United States, West Germany, and Japan. In the mid-1970s, it was expected that these nations would haul the rest of the industrial world out of the deep recession that followed the first oil shock, of 1973. But now, as unemployment edges over 9 percent, the U.S. seems to have run right off the track, despite the Economic Recovery Tax Act of 1981 and the rest of the supply-side formula. A few years ago, Germany was the strong man of Europe, the generous paymaster for the European Economic Community. Chancellor Helmut Schmidt was given to lecturing other Europeans about how they must get their economic houses in order and become more organized—which meant, essentially, be more like Germans. Today Germany suffers both inflation and unemployment rates that it has not seen since postwar recovery began. It is a nation marked by waning self-confidence, and questions are being asked about how long it can withstand the pressure.

Today, only one major economy is rolling along—that of Japan. Its trade surplus—$10.7 billion in the first ten months of 1981 with the United States and

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$10.5 billion with Western Europe—has become a symbol of its industrial economic mastery. Indeed, thanks to Japan's remarkable successes, the rest of the industrial world has developed an inferiority complex, and with some justification. "This is a country where 4 percent economic growth is considered a recession, and 2 percent of the people out of work is considered high unemployment," observed an American industrial specialist based in Japan.

The Japanese record of higher productivity, higher quality goods, and better organization is so impressive that it has spawned its own new industry—explaining how Japan does it. Two books, one on the art and the other on the theory of Japanese management (*The Art of Japanese Management* by Richard T. Pascale and Anthony G. Athos, and *Theory Z* by William Ouchi), managed to hold their own amidst the diet books on the *New York Times* best seller list for several weeks. (See "The Profession of Management" by Robert B. Reich, TNR, June 27, 1981.) Ezra Vogel's *Japan As Number One* was a sensational best seller in Japan (indicating the Japanese are as bemused at their achievements as the rest of us).

"We are used to looking to other countries to be our models," explained one senior Japanese government official who is deeply involved in the trade conflicts issue with the United States. "We've looked to Germany, to Britain, and, for many years, to the United States. But now we find America and others are looking at us to be the model. It is hard for the Japanese to understand this. After all, 20 years ago, our gross national product was only about 7 percent of the United States's. Today it's moving toward 50 percent, which means that the per capita income here will soon be the same as in the United States. But the typical Japanese doesn't think that way. He still thinks we're very small compared to America. But today, to the Americans, we are looming very large. So there's a fundamental gap in perceptions."

JAPAN HAS CERTAINLY gone through a period of astonishing economic growth and change, with a tenfold increase in its gross national product between 1950 and 1980. No less remarkably—perhaps because the rise in incomes has been shared rather widely throughout the society—Japan has managed to maintain considerable cohesion and social consensus. But what is really impressive is Japan's performance in the last few years, which contrasts so favorably with that of the other industrial countries. It is all the more surprising because of the circumstances. After all, Japan was the nation that seemed at first to be most vulnerable to the second oil shock, of 1979. In contrast to the U.S., which is 80 percent self-sufficient in energy, Japan is 85 percent dependent on imports, and almost completely dependent on imports for its oil. The 1979 shock caused great agitation. The Japanese braced themselves for the worst, but soon discovered that what they faced was not a shortage of oil from the world market, but a 170 percent increase in the price of oil. "There wasn't a supply shortage—we could buy the oil," explained one energy specialist in the foreign ministry. "That is, we could buy it if we could afford to buy it. Our problem became how to adjust the economy to pay for the very high price of oil."

Japan was able to accomplish what no other major industrial country was able to: restrain inflation and still maintain high economic growth, continuing to deliver rising real income to a working population that was generally cooperative in wage claims and productivity. There were four key ingredients: a reduction in oil use, continuing investment, increasing productivity, and increasing exports.

IT WAS CLEAR to government officials, as well as to those in the private sector, that an increase in exports was necessary to meet the oil bill. The equation was clearly laid out a few months ago by Nihachiro Hanamura, president of the Japan Institute for Social and Economic Affairs: "We have to export manufactured goods to pay for our oil imports. If we are unable to export to the oil producing countries as much as we import from them, there is no other alternative but to increase exports to other countries. Without this, the Japanese economy cannot survive." But Japanese business hardly needed to be pushed. Businessmen saw opportunities and were ready with products. The biggest success was the Japanese car, characterized by fuel efficiency and high quality, but export products extended from machine tools to low-cost copiers. Japanese exports increased from $97.5 billion in 1978 to $129.8 billion in 1980.

Thus the Japanese were able to insulate themselves against both the inflation and the recession that hit other industrial economies. As Prime Minister Zenko Suzuki recently explained, Japan's economic success of the 1970s was dependent on the concerted effort made by both labor and management to minimize the impact of the decade's two oil shocks on economic activities. The results have been evident in the last two years. Germany's GNP increased 1.8 percent in 1980 and dropped 1 percent in 1981; France's increased 1.3 percent and 0.5 percent; and America's went up 0.2 percent and 1.75 percent. By contrast, Japan's GNP grew 4.2 percent in 1980 and 3.75 percent in 1981. The success of the Japanese in withstanding the shock has generated a good deal of self-confidence and perhaps even some complacency, at least when compared to the mood in 1979. But for Japan, it is precisely the wrong time for such complacency.

It's one thing for other countries to accommodate Japanese exports when their own economies are growing, but quite another when unemployment is on the rise. The sharp economic downturn, along with the obvious crippling of key industries, has been giving rise to a widespread protectionist surge in the United

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States as well as in the countries of Western Europe.

Automobiles provide the most obvious example. Last spring the Japanese and American governments hammered out an agreement for "voluntary restraint" of Japanese auto imports. The clear understanding was that the level of imports set by the agreement—1.68 million vehicles in fiscal 1981—would not get any lower in the future. Japanese automakers were not exactly overjoyed (Suzuki Motor Company, ready to go into the American market with a very efficient new car, found itself frozen at 500 vehicles a year), but they finally accepted the agreement, under pressure from the Ministry of International Trade and Industry. It was a blow to both government and industry in Japan when U.S. Deputy Trade Representative David MacDonald and Transportation Secretary Drew Lewis indicated in December that, because of Detroit's continuing slump, the U.S. might seek even lower levels next year. (And this from an Administration dedicated to the free market!)

And the signs of growing protectionism extend far beyond autos. Robert Dole, chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, recently declared, "The United States can no longer afford the luxury of continued trade deficits." He said that the deficit with Japan was the biggest, and warned that the U.S. might take steps "which are necessary to protect our producers and to ensure our future competitiveness." This kind of protectionist pressure is likely to keep on mounting right along with the unemployment rate, both in the U.S. (where the Administration and Congress are beginning to maneuver for the 1982 elections) and in Western Europe.

"GHOST STORIES" FROM "HOKUSAI MANGA," VOLUME 10, 1819

In response, the Japanese point out that they bought $24 billion worth of U.S. goods in 1980, that they are the largest importer of U.S. agricultural products, and that the trade balance should be seen in a global context. They also underline their precarious dependence upon imports, and their need to export to pay their oil bill and keep their economy functioning. But some of these arguments irk Americans rather than appease them. For what Japan imports from the United States is mostly raw materials—corn and wheat, logs and melons and coal—and Americans have some difficulty seeing themselves mainly as a supplier of raw materials. That seems more like a trading relationship one has with a colony or a developing country, not with the world's number-one superpower. It defies America's industrial machismo.

For the Japanese, relations with the United States remain paramount, and the government is willing to go to considerable lengths to reduce what is politely called the "friction" with the United States. Prime Minister Zenko Suzuki recently reshuffled his Cabinet, replacing 15 out of 20 ministers. One of the main complaints with the former Foreign Minister was that he had been "clumsy" and too outspoken in relations with the U.S. "Trade measures are the major task in foreign policy for the new Cabinet," said one official. There is discussion of government funding of aircraft purchases from the U.S. and of strategic metals stockpiles as ways to reduce the trade surplus, as well as persistent questioning about why the U.S. prohibits the economically sensible sale of Alaskan oil to Japan.

But the effort to deflect protectionism has focused primarily on knocking down the barriers impeding other countries' access to the Japanese market. The Prime Minister said at the first session of the new Cabinet, "I would like you all to do your best so that the government can submit to the next session of Parliament measures to deal with the nontariff barriers and to open the market wide." At the same time, he announced a plan to put into effect in 1982 some 1,600 tariff reductions not scheduled until 1984 under the Tokyo Round of Multilateral Trade negotiations. This opening up of the Japanese market has also emerged as one of the major themes of the Reagan Administration in its economic diplomacy with Japan. It might be seen as a clever attempt, at least for the short term, to subdue the protectionist drive among American business and labor. It can hardly be denied that there are barriers to

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the import of American manufactured goods into the Japanese market. Importation inspections can be extended and picky. It took a young U.S. businessman, who is half Japanese and was raised in Japan, over half a year and an extensive letter-writing campaign by prominent Americans and Japanese to win a visa to work in a small firm that his father had established in Tokyo some 12 years earlier. But the effect of such barriers is unclear, and it seems that they have been greatly reduced over the last decade.

"The reason for Japan's trade surplus with the United States is a profound inequality in our access to the Japanese economy, and cultural traditions that simply have to be changed," Commerce Secretary Malcolm Baldrige recently declared—which led to amusing headlines saying that the U.S. was insisting that the Japanese change their culture and repeal their traditions. His explanation was certainly one-sided, exaggerating the barriers and leaving out such factors as Japanese productivity, labor-management relations, quality control, and organization. The extent of the productivity advance in Japan has been stunning. Since the early 1970s, Japanese auto production has quadrupled, although employment in the industry and its suppliers has remained consistent. In 1978 labor costs for Japan's big five steelmakers was the equivalent of 13 percent of sales; for the U.S. big seven, 36 percent. "The fundamental reason for the trade conflict is the problem of productivity," said a Japanese official who has participated in the trade battles for several years. "It relates to the new industrial revolution, that is, how we use computers and robots and the like. Our technology and quality control have progressed so much in these years that Western countries are surprisingly far behind us." But as Baldrige unsuccessfully tried to point out, the Japanese do things in their own ways, and the internal distribution network is extremely competitive as well as complicated, even Byzantine. It is very expensive for new entrants—foreign or domestic—to carve out market shares.

The other major impediment to opening up the Japanese market is the stagnant domestic Japanese economy, a situation which is not likely to lead to any boom in manufactured imports. And here we come to the problem of how well the locomotive can run. Not only can the Japanese no longer count on the continued surge in exports, but many of their basic industries, which flourished on cheap oil, are now faltering. Steel production is about 10 percent lower than in the early 1970s and is not expected to grow in the years ahead. Indeed, there is fear that the newly industrializing nations like South Korea will end up undercutting the present position of Japanese steel. Japan's petrochemical industry is suffering from competition from U.S. firms which, the Japanese charge, are unfairly subsidized by price controls on natural gas. Its aluminum industry, which has seen electricity prices double in the last two years, has been severely hurt by imports of aluminum from America and is now running at only 40 percent capacity.

With the export expansion blocked, the Suzuki government is now torn by a debate over whether or not to stimulate the domestic economy. To do so would require even higher government deficits, adding to a debt which, at $400 billion, is already considered much too high. There is a general consensus on the need to "reform the administration and finances"—i.e., to cut government spending.

In the last week of December, the government approved, for fiscal year 1982, what was widely seen as an austerity budget which will hold spending very much in check. Defense expenditure, because of pressure from the U.S., is one of the few sectors of the budget allowed to rise beyond the strict ceiling. Even so, Japanese defense spending will remain under 1 percent of the GNP, compared to 5.2 percent in the United States. In general, the new budget, which takes effect on April 1, will do very little to boost domestic consumption. If the government refrains from stimulating the domestic economy as it faces containment of Japanese exports, the likely results will be a sharp deceleration in economic growth and a host of social and political problems that Japan has not contemplated for many years.

TO MOST JAPANESE, this seems unthinkable. High growth is seen virtually as the natural order of the universe. Yet there is an obvious trade-off on the two key issues that confront the government right now: how to control government spending, and how to avoid trade conflicts between Japan and foreign countries. To reduce tensions with other nations means accepting containment of Japanese exports. But containment of exports implies greater reliance on domestic demand to maintain economic growth, which in turn would require greater government spending. But the government is committed to keeping a lid on the deficit, which means cutting government spending. "The Japanese people are more or less accustomed to a high-growth economy," one economics official ruefully remarked. "They believe that next year they will be more affluent than this year. It's a basic psychological feeling. Yet there's an increasing plausibility to lower growth. What will the government do, what will people do? No one can see clearly what kind of solution is most appropriate."

Japan has achieved a very impressive record in the last three decades, with many lessons for both the United States and Western Europe. It has escaped the direct effects of the second oil shock in a way that no other major industrial nation has managed, and has responded to economic challenge with remarkable ingenuity and foresight. But now Japan too is beginning to feel the effects of the worldwide recession. For the resourceful Japanese, this may prove to be the most difficult economic challenge yet.

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Gold Standards, Sort Of

"Good morning to the day; and next, my gold!" the first line of Jonson's *Volpone*, could have been Jane Fonda's first line every morning for almost a year. She is around now in two films centered on gold, figurative and real.

Figurative, first. *On Golden Pond* is that relative rarity, the picture that you feel you have seen before. Not just a familiar plot or characters or dialogue, even to the pinches of salt to prove that it's not sheerly soppy. No, it's not reminders of past pictures that you get, it's *this* picture you feel you have seen. I had avoided the play, so that could not have been the reason. It was the ads that did it, including the quotations from reviews. The picture was just an extension of the ads, the way a chapter of an old-fashioned novel is just the fleshing-out of the detailed synopsis at the head of the chapter.

On Golden Pond
(Universal)

Rollover
(Warner Brothers)

Sharky's Machine
(Orion)

Mark Rydell directed and, like an honest tradesman, proves in the opening shot that the title is no lie: by gum, the pond *does* look golden in a certain light. Then, after some more *National Geographic* shots, a station wagon arrives at a house on the shore, and out gets Katharine Hepburn with a golden smile and out gets Henry Fonda in his golden years. Later their daughter, Jane Fonda, arrives, a golden girl, accompanied by her new lover, a man with a golden-haired son. Some difficulties between boy and old man, between old man and his daughter, all melt into a golden conclusion. A better title would be *On Golden Swamp*.

Jane Fonda wears a bikini in one sequence, which is a good ad for her new exercise book—she looks very fit. Her chief contribution is this glimpse of her fitness. Hepburn is now so ill with her nervous affliction—and compensates so blatantly with overdone emotion that would once have scandalized her—that it's nearly inhumane to comment on her. But I don't think that the audience around me (mostly "senior citizens" at an afternoon showing) felt the same way about her or the enfeebled Henry Fonda. I think they like seeing these two former sex symbols, which in their particular ways they were, declining into decrepitude. The audience feels the warmth of long companionship, but perhaps there's also a touch of vindictiveness, of *Schadenfreude*, in seeing that divinities, too, wrinkle and wither. There's even something vaguely necrophiliac in the air. They can't rationally expect to see old Fonda or Hepburn die on camera, still at least they may be seeing them for the last time. This seems to be some sort of thrill. When Fonda has a heart spasm near the end of the film, there's an almost mystical moment of prevision because the audience knows he has a pacemaker. It's the same sort of backstage thrill they get when, in the film, Jane calls Henry dad.

Henry can't go on selling his approaching death forever, of course: reality will sooner or later intervene. Meantime, however, he's certainly making a business of it. I had the misfortune, when seeing *Pond*, of having previously seen an advance screening of a TV film he made with Myrna Loy called *Summer Solstice* (broadcast on ABC December 30) in which he gives virtually the same performance as in *Pond*. He and Loy are a couple who have been married 50 years and return yet once more to their old summer haunt on Cape Cod. (On Golden Sands?) It may have been some satisfaction to Loy that she had to be wigged and made up; Fonda didn't need it. Instead of troubles with their daughter, as in *Pond*, this script flashes back to the troubles between their younger selves—played by other people—but they weather storms and finish together. Literally. In this one, Loy dies, in Fonda's arms, on their beach.

In both *Pond* and *Solstice* Fonda trades on his past work, combining both reference and a reliance on our leniency for services rendered; and since, within his limits, he has been one of our best actors, he has a large account to draw on. But what he's doing in these two pieces can't really be called acting: he's prematurely clouting us with his obituaries. Very prematurely, I hope, nonetheless that's what it comes to. Compare what Fonda is doing these days with the last appearance of the aging Fredric March in *The Iceman Cometh*. March presumably knew this was his last appearance, but he didn't trade on the fact of his age: he *acted*—in a good role for which he was now the right age.

Jane Fonda's other new film, *Rollover*, is about real gold, which is never seen but is as patently effective as it was for Volpone. She plays a former film star, married to a big corporation chief who is murdered; she has had business experience and now has business ambitions. Kris Kristofferson is an international banking hotshot who takes over a bank and helps Fonda to become chairman of her board.

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Chariots of Fire. Well written, well directed, exquisitely acted social drama based on true story of two British Olympic runners, 1924.

My Dinner With André. Seemingly impromptu table-talk of Wallace Shawn, the playwright, and André Gregory, the director, becomes an interesting inquiry into contemporary chances for fulfillment.

Reds. The story of John Reed and Louise Bryant. So stirring, so committed, that its patent flaws are forgivable. Diane Keaton surpasses expectation; Beatty, co-star, co-author, director, and producer, deserves cheers.

Time Bandits. Product of two Monty Python people, a romp through time and space with a child and six dwarfs. Children adore it; so do I and some other adults.

SK

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The basic outlines are those of a Western. Widow wants to hold on to husband's big ranch, against opposition from his former partners. A lone gun, who happens to be in the neighborhood, lends her a hand. They become wary allies and also lovers. The Western analogy is underscored by Kristofferson's gait and speech and by the spunkiness of Fonda's performance, like that in *Comes A Horseman* where she actually was a rancher holding out against odds. (Curious. Fonda seems to exert herself more strenuously when she plays conservatives.) There are Big Heavies in the drama—in this case, Arab zillionaires—and the partners/lovers face the final shootout together.

The production of course looks most un-Western—it's highly urban, with computer screens in front of us a good deal of the time when we aren't looking at luxe offices and homes. Alan Pakula, the director, has tried for some of the same visual effects that he used in *All the President's Men*. (He directed *Comes A Horseman*, too, by the way.) In the Watergate film, his cinematographer, Gordon Willis, used a lot of low-ceilinged big-office shots that looked as if they actually were lit by the soft modern-lighting fixtures of the room. In *Rollover*, Guiseppe Rotunno gets the same effect often: it's a cross between the chic of high-fashion photography and the imminence of low-key threat.

The plot has centrally to do with a walloping amount of Arab money in U.S. banks, and the power that Arabs thus have over the value of the U.S. dollar if they withdraw all their money at once. What is not explained is what will happen to their wealth if they withdraw it, ruin the dollar, and, in domino fashion, ruin a lot of other currencies with it. Gold is not the answer: it would skyrocket.

The end of the picture has one of the neatest little Band-Aids ever applied to a global catastrophe. But, en route, it is fairly good routine stuff, including the sex, and quite slickly produced.

At least *Rollover* was a welcome change of venue from the detectives-drugs-hookers-murders-political-crookedness glop once again stirred around in *Sharky's Machine*, which made me feel that someone had put on a videotape of *Hill Street Blues* and similar shows and forgot to push the automatic-stop button. The detective bureau has replaced the newspaper office in American iconography as the shrine of realistic romance. What's more, the dialogue in all these films and TV shows makes me think that America's greatest inventors of snappy dialogue are on police forces across the country, writing fiction about their real lives in a sort of Möbius strip of gritty fantasy.

Burt Reynolds stars and directs, making the least of his usual appeal. Rachel Ward, a newcomer who plays a very expensive tart, is one more try at Jacqueline Bisset. Vittorio Gassman (whom I once saw do a good Iago on the Roman stage) has been imported to play a crime chief who is—guess what—suave, sensual, cruel. You can always tell crime chiefs because they are never in clubs or restaurants with fewer than six beautiful women: funny, the police haven't yet learned to spot them. Reynolds, as director, uses so many intense close-ups that I almost felt I was at an anthropology lecture on head shapes. Any closer and Reynolds would have had to use X-rays.

Robert Brustein On Theater

Opinions vs. Convictions

I am disqualified from reviewing last month's major theater event—the Broadway production of Jules Feiffer's *Grown-ups*—because it originated in my theater, so with your indulgence I'll use the space for one of my Sunday services. Today's text is provided by the poet Heinrich Heine as quoted in a letter to Harold Clurman by Clifford Odets:

> Heine said originally that the reason we could no longer build Gothic structures was because they were built from convictions, and we had only opinions. Lacking today the communal life (culture?) that breeds convictions—no longer desirous of abstaining and abnegating self for the greater glory of . . . God, the Christian era is now dying and nothing is yet here to replace it.

What a potent distinction—between an age informed by passionate beliefs and one characterized by purely personal views, and what a devastating charge to make within earshot of a professional opinionator hired to pass judgment regularly on the state of the theater.

Nobody seriously believes that critics ever helped to build cathedrals, but the notion is disturbing that we might be among those actually blocking their construction; now I think I know why my obligation to pass judgment has always been a little embarrassing. Oh, I have strong views all right, and it's no secret I can be as arrogantly opinionated as any of my brethren. But the question I have never been satisfactorily able to answer is why my opinions should be considered any more correct than those of the average theatergoer. It's not enough to produce advanced degrees or even testimonies of practical experience in the profession; so could hundreds of other theater Ph.D.'s and aging theater veterans. Credentials can help to inform one's opinions, but they can't legitimize their accuracy. What will then? Posterity perhaps, assuming anyone cares to remember what any of us once thought. Still, even history is less concerned with a critic's opinions than with his style and ideas. Bernard Shaw was very frequently wrong in his theatrical judgments. To the end of his days, he disliked Oscar Wilde's masterpiece *The Importance of Being Earnest*, much preferring Wilde's trashy melodrama, *An Ideal Husband*, and he praised Ibsen's plays in the wrong order and for all the wrong reasons. Yet, despite his prejudices and errors of judgment, Shaw remains our one example of an ideal drama critic.

We prefer Shaw to a critic with a better box score not just because of his prose style but because he wrote out of conviction. He had a vision of theater larger than his estimate of individual plays; he had a sense of culture that transcended his personal vanity. Compare our un-Gothic times where merely to be appointed drama critic for a newspaper or magazine is to assume delusions of authority. Even the most inexperienced scrivener, seeing himself in print, is possessed by an impulse to make ex cathedra pronouncements; how easy it is to let the criticizing self usurp

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the criticized object. This behavior is urged on us by the position; it is also demanded by the reader. Of immediate interest in a theatrical notice is not the critic's sense of life, ideas, or vision, but whether or not we liked the damn thing—ironically, since our opinion is the most perishable thing we produce.

POSITIVE AND negative judgments are rarely of practical use to theater people; their only value is to the audience. Once responsible both to his readers and to the stage, the reviewer today feels accountable primarily to the theatergoer, for whom he prepares a form of consumer's report, a guide to comparative shopping. This is understandable, considering the astronomical cost of tickets, but it engages even the more reflective critics in the economics of theater, not its art; it also encourages hasty superficial judgments. Consider, for example, the following sentence from my recent review of *The Dresser*: "It has a strong performance from Paul Rogers as Sir; it has a weak one from Tom Courtnay as Norman." Today I feel sheepish about such adjectives, not just because they are blunt and lacking reinforcement but because my impressions might have been different on another occasion. Performances change from night to night; so, by the way, do a reviewer's moods. Under pressure to publish an opinion, I recorded a fixed perfunctory judgment on a mutable spontaneous process.

I'm not suggesting that theater critics should abandon judgments but simply that we wed them, whenever possible, to a passionate conviction. It would help, also, if we could temper our declarations with a little self-doubt, remembering that we are fallible too. "I have come to believe," I wrote some years ago,

> that the least valuable criticism is that composed of naked assertions of taste (the kind Danny Kaye parodied when, being asked how he liked the Himalayas, replied 'Loved him, hated her!'). And that is why critics with an ambition to be remembered have poured so much energy into analysis and commentary in the hope that their perceptions might somehow outlive their opinions.

If we cannot avoid making judgments, then at least we can try to give those judgments meaning by investing our criticism with reference and learning, and a transcendent view of the art we have elected to serve.

Will this help to build cathedrals? I think so, if we can ever be persuaded that a cathedral exists for something other than weddings and confirmations and the comfort of its parishioners. I think a similar thing might be learned about the nature of permanent theaters. Recently, a drama critic for another periodical wrote these words about the failure of the acting company at the Brooklyn Academy of Music:

> As soon as the BAM demise was announced, out came the predictable bitter protests from the high-minded apostles of repertory. New York/America demands instant success, they told us yet again; the public and the critics want stars, want glitz, want smart new scripts, won't judge an allegedly growing ensemble by standards different from those used on Broadway. All the usual moans were moaned again about American philistinism in the face of an attempt to build a repertory theatre. To those high-minded people, it is apparently irrelevant that the plays of the second season, like most of the first season, were intolerably performed. The apostles apparently feel—and the theater is the only art where such a feeling exists—that we ought to go regularly to a company's bad productions just to keep the company alive, so that they can grow to give good performances for the next generation or perhaps the one after.

THE ONLY one of these "high-minded apostles" I could identify was myself—there was no mistaking the references to one of my recent articles. Since my colleague left me unnamed, I'll leave him anonymous too, but I believe he offers a good example of what Heine meant by the difference between opinions and convictions. It is not just that he is dazzled by his own "standards" ("It was dreadful. . . . I've rarely seen five productions I could more easily have done without . . . "), but that these opinions seem so much more important to him than the survival of a struggling young company. It is possible to make such judgments, no matter how bald and unqualified, and still recognize something was lost.

I don't think anybody defended the BAM company's quality in its second season or suggested that people go to see bad productions. I certainly didn't; in fact, I emphasized that "the artistic loss was minimal." To me, the failure was significant in the context of other, more adventurous nonprofit theaters closing down, especially since these losses went largely unrecorded in the press (the *New York Times*, for example, which carried the original announcement of the company on its front page, has still not reported on the demise of BAM, four months after it disappeared from Brooklyn). I interpreted this to mean that reviewers like our irritable friend were rating each new BAM production on the same consumer graph as the offerings of the commercial theater, treating its demise like the closing of a Broadway show that had failed to meet the competition of the marketplace.

I SEE NOTHING in his recent statements to change my impression. It is one of the failings of those accustomed to judging results to be unaware of the process that achieves those results, but one way to create theatrical works of art is through the slow, organic evolution of developing theater companies. One does not ask a critic to suspend his standards when evaluating such work, only to recognize as well that a permanent theater will never have the opportunity to improve enough to meet his "standards" if it ceases to exist. To endorse the destruction of the BAM company because this critic found the second season "dreadful" (even though he expressed "qualified hope" for the first) is not very different in kind from calling for the extinction of the United States because our recent policies have failed and our last five Presidents have been lemons. Would he approve the loss of a non-commercial publishing house because of a run of bad books or the end of public radio because of a series of boring programs? Isn't it possible that the preservation of a potentially useful though imperfect institution is at least as important as one's opinion of its quality at any given moment in time?

We who stand in judgment of the theater have been so busy arbitrating hits and flops that we have failed to provide a context for our criticism, or a consistent point of view, or any salient purpose other than a reputation for good taste. Thus, we have been inexorably absorbed into the commodity culture, left to traffic insolently between the manufacturer and the consumer. At the risk of sounding "high-minded" (an adjective with pejorative meanings in America only), I propose we take a careful look at Heine's distinction, and

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try to base our standards of value on something deeper than a self-infatuated love of our own personal impressions. Without softening our opinions, we might (how hard for me to say this!) invest them with a little humility.

Humility should come easily enough once we remember how often critics have been wrong in the past. A majority of our tribe initially failed to see the quality of *Ghosts*, of *The Sea Gull* and *Three Sisters*, of *Heartbreak House*, of *Playboy of the Western World*, of *The Ice Man Cometh*, of *Waiting For Godot*, and dozens of other works now recognized as masterpieces. We also allowed one of the few theatrical cathedrals ever built in this country, the Group Theater, to expire of critical indifference and neglect, because we were too busy savaging the productions to see the value of the company. "This is murder, to be exact," wrote Odets on the occasion of just such a critical reception with the Group,

> the murder of talent, of aspiration, of sincerity, the brutal imperception and indifference to one of the few projects that promised to keep the theater alive. . . . Something will have to be done about these 'critics,' these lean dry men who know little or nothing about the theater, despite their praise of the actors and production. How can it happen that this small handful of men can do such murderous mischief in a few hours? How can it be that we must all depend on them for our progress and growth . . . they who are not critics, who are insensitive, who understand only the most literal realism. . . . How can the audience be reached directly without the middleman intervention of these fools?

It is a plaint we hear often in the theater from those whose backs have felt the critical lash, and for that reason we are prone to dismiss it. But if there is just a gram of truth in the charge, do we not stand condemned in the court of history as enemies of the imagination? And is this the epitaph by which we would hope to be remembered?

Note: I received a letter from McNeil Lowry saying that I did not accurately represent his views in his speech to the Northeast Assembly ("A Passionate Arts Conference," TNR, November 11, 1981). I suggested that he seemed to see hope in future corporate support for the arts; he actually said that to expect any change from "the developing pattern of the last five years" was "unrealistic." Apologies that I made him sound more optimistic about the Administration-proposed alternative to government funding than he actually was.

The Critic As Artist

Shaw's Music: The Complete Musical Criticism edited by Dan H. Laurence

(Dodd, Mead, 3 volume set, $150)

A Virgil Thomson Reader introduction by John Rockwell

(Houghton Mifflin, 582 pp., $25)

On February 15, 1889, an outrageous new voice rang out in London's music criticism. The writer styled himself "Corno di Bassetto" ("Bassett Horn"). He began his first column in the London *Star* with the unorthodox sentence "The other evening, at the London Symphony concert, I had an idea—an invaluable idea." He then doodled around—"This is not a digression: the idea is coming," he said chattily at one point—and ended with a tongue-in-cheek introduction of himself as belonging to "a branch of the Reed family." Readers couldn't have known, of course, but it was the beginning of a memorable period in music criticism. For the next four years, Bernard Shaw, newly freed from the strictures and anonymity of his earlier music reviews, regaled London—first as Bassetto, and then simply as GBS—with digressions and diversions, poking fun at others and having fun himself. It was irreverent, irresistible—and ultimately deadly serious criticism. Its aim was nothing less than to undermine the entire structure of dull, arrogant British reviewing. As Shaw once said, he went into music criticism because he thought he could make it "readable even by the deaf."

Today, Bernard Shaw is the patron saint of music critics. When art critics trot out Pater, or Ruskin, or Baudelaire as their idols, or literary critics quote any of the vast army of great writer-critics, music critics lean back and say, "Ah, yes. But then, of course, there is Shaw on music"—and, more often than not, a reverent hush falls. For, whatever one might think of Shaw personally—his egotism may have been greater than his literary legacy—or whatever reservations one might have about his plays, which can be moralizing and preachy, Shaw was indisputedly a superb critic. He combined, in equal measures, a chatty, highly personal tone, an irrepressible impudence, and the shrewdest of critical perceptions and judgments. In the end, even those who mocked Shaw had to concede that he knew far more about music than he let on. He was a passionate and well-informed, if largely self-taught, lover of music. Not coincidentally, he was, as Ernest Newman, the chief music critic of the London *Times* at the turn of the century, said, "one of the half dozen most vital minds of his age."

The simultaneous publication of Shaw's complete criticism and selections from that of Virgil Thomson, the eminent American composer, critic, and celebrated *bon vivant*, points up what is all too obvious: that there have been surprisingly few major voices in the 250-year history of music criticism. Perhaps the first was E. T. A. Hoffmann, the German writer and composer who wrote vivid, imaginative musical critiques and whose dreamlike stories inspired Offenbach's opera *Les Contes d'Hoffmann*. Later in the 19th century there were a host of noted composer-critics—Liszt, Wagner (very briefly), Schumann, Debussy. For sheer power, no one has rivaled Newman in his day in London or Eduard Hanslick, Wagner's most powerful foe, in the Vienna of the same period. In the last half-century, Thomson has continued the great composer-critic tradition, first as chief critic of the *New York Herald Tribune* from 1940 to 1954 and more recently in

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long essays in the *New York Review of Books* and elsewhere. (At 85, he is going strong.) Overall, however, there have been few composer-critics whose pens were as mighty as their music. As for critics of great literary stature, there is only one—Shaw.

Why? Because Shaw, by undercutting with laughter—by playing, as in Shakespeare, the wise fool—managed to sidestep all of the usual problems of music reviewing. And as anyone knows who is in the business, those problems are immense. Music, one soon discovers, may be the hardest thing in the world to describe. It is transparent. It is fleeting. It resists translation into words. Either one must deal in adjectives, attempting to describe feelings (and almost always failing). Or one falls back on music's technical underpinnings, on the tonics and dominants and key signatures that comprise its mysterious language.

THE ODD THING is that music criticism has come, over the years, to emphasize its own weakness by glorifying technical writing. The early critics didn't even pretend to readability. They were musicologists and theoreticians, whose dry, dull, ponderously argued tracts were aimed at other musicologists. Even after the beginning of more popular journalism in the 19th century, however, the mainstream of music criticism—at least the influential mainstream of Germany and Britain—continued to be stern and dogmatic. Those who had the knowledge loved to flaunt it. What's worse, they made it into a sort of intellectual club which they wielded, with haughty disdain, at anyone who attempted to be more lively. It is no wonder, then, that Shaw rebelled. "I cannot deny that Bassetto was occasionally vulgar," he later wrote, adding:

> I purposely vulgarized musical criticism, which was then refined and academic to the point of being unreadable and often nonsensical. Editors, being mostly ignorant of music, would submit to anything from their musical critics, not pretending to understand it. If I occasionally carried to the verge of ribaldry my reaction against the pretentious twaddle and sometimes spiteful cliquishness they tolerated in their ignorance, think of me as heading one of the pioneer columns of what was then called The New Journalism; and you will wonder at my politeness.

It is possible to plot, in this three-volume set, Shaw's development as a critic. His first reviews, unsigned ghost pieces for the *Hornet*, were written in his early 20s. They lack the distinctive Shaw voice that emerged later. But they are astonishingly self-confident for his age—one might say downright brash—with clear signs of the celebrated Shavian wit. Describing Liszt's *Mazeppa*, for example, he said it contained "a brief andante of advanced commonplace." Scathingly critical, from the first, of the forced style of Italian singing then in vogue, Shaw wrote of a Signor Tamberlik in Rossini's *Otello*:

> For the C-sharp in the celebrated duet 'L'ira d'avverso fato,' he substituted a strange description of shriek at about that pitch. The audience, ever appreciative of vocal curiosities, eagerly redemanded it.

Shaw's next venture in criticism came seven years later. Traces of the youthful brashness and arrogance remain. He could still sweepingly proclaim, for example, that Brahms's music "is at bottom only a prodigiously elaborated compound of incoherent reminiscences"—a judgment for which he apologized in 1936, when the first collected edition of his reviews appeared. But the years of maturing in between show—as do his studies in the interim of harmony and counterpoint. His judgments are subtler, his perceptions sharper. He criticizes conductors for treating Mozart "as a sort of Papageno among composers"; of Gounod he writes,

> M. Gounod is no Voltairean: he is the romantically pious Frenchman whose adoration of the Virgin Mary is chivalrous, whose obedience to the Pope is filial, and whose homage to his God is that of a devoted royalist to his king. It follows that he is not a deep thinker.

It is only a step from here to the breezy, highly personal, and extremely penetrating criticism of Bassetto.

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE to do justice to Shaw's mature criticism without quoting it by the yard. There is, for example, his hilarious account of a typically old-fashioned staging of Wagner at Bayreuth, with "the magical apparition of Kundry, in an antique ball-dress with ruchings, alluringly disposed on a sofa, and pulled out from the wing by a cable. . . ." Or again, writing of an East End opera production, the sort that preyed upon the cultural pretensions of the lower classes, he wrote,

> When the feeble and mistuned scraping got very bad—and once or twice it could hardly have been worse—doubtless the packed pittites said reverently, 'This is classical music. This is above our heads, this is.'

He reveled in being a renegade. When one incensed reader called him an ass, he responded,

> The term 'ass' I take to be a compliment. Modesty, hard work, contentment with plain fare, development of ear, underestimation by the public: all these are the lot of the ass and of the last of the Bassettos.

ONE OF THE great advantages of throwing care to the winds, as Shaw did, is that you don't have to be conscientious. Unlike more mortal reviewers, for example, who feel compelled to do justice to the concert at hand, Shaw often left out the dry litany of names that reviewing entails to the last paragraph—or didn't mention a concert at all. "The fact is that I have so much to say about music that I forget about the concerts," he once wrote. He didn't just describe composers, or pass along accepted truisms about them: he characterized them in new, vivid ways. Thus he described Mendelssohn's "kid glove gentility" and Saint-Saens's "graceful nicknack" music. In a marvelous comparison of Mozart and Beethoven, he wrote:

> Mozart's Don Giovanni was the first Byronic hero in music; but the shadows cast by him were so full of strange reflections and beautiful colors that such lovers of beauty as [Edward Fitzgerald] were not alarmed. But when Beethoven came, the shadows were black and gigantic; the forms were rough and bold; the Mozartian enchantment was gone. Instead of it there came a sense of deep import in the music. . . .

Firmly committed to the principle that critics should help guide the music of their own day, he campaigned tirelessly for Wagner and against the dry academicism of 19th-century British music—what he referred to disparagingly as "a little Mozart and water."

Shaw was not perfect, by any means. One must wade at times through pounds of excess verbiage in order to get to Shaw's famous insights and quips. His tendency to be cute—"All complimentary tickets, invitations, and bribes meant specially for me should be addressed to the care of The Star," he wrote in his first Bassetto piece—or to

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digress briefly onto personal matters became, in time, digressions so long and pieces so mannered that Shaw himself got lost in the telling. His frequent asides—"Now, what on earth did I begin all this about?"—were only half jests. It is impossible, for example, to follow the argument in Shaw's often-quoted piece on "The Religion of the Pianoforte"; there isn't one. In the end, Shaw was even more interested in writing about himself than he was about music. It is the vice of his virtue.

The reason we read Shaw's music criticism today, if the truth be told, is simply because it's splendid writing. But that doesn't mean that he wasn't also a splendid critic—which is something else again. His judgment was excellent. Like all great critics, he was able to determine most of the lasting talent of his day. His interest in old music was as great as his interest in the new. He fought for more Bach and Handel, then little heard, and advocated sturdier Mozart. Later in life, he recognized the merits of Strauss and of the new British school, with Elgar at its head. He had one major deaf spot, the music of Brahms, Mendelssohn, and Schumann. But he also had that rarest of critical gifts, a sense of historic overview. Other people spotted trends; Shaw could tell what they meant.

THE LEAP from Shaw to Thomson at first seems vast, an unbridgeable distance in both time and temperament. For one thing, Thomson belongs to the composer-critic tradition which feels, rightly or wrongly, that composers are best suited for the job of critic. (He describes Shaw, for example, as a perceptive amateur.) Where Shaw is garrulous and roundabout, Thomson is brief and concise. He uses "I," but that is hardly the first thing you notice about his reviews. "Feelings will come through automatically in your choice of words," he maintained. "Description is the valid part of reviewing." He is more reasoned, more cool-headed, and a master arguer: "In expository writing, failure to convince is failure *tout court*," wrote Thomson in a preface to his newspaper articles. There is more of a point to his pieces—a specific concert or composer or performer—than in Shaw. In Thomson, moreover, the ideas come first, while in Shaw the writing often justified itself.

Once you get past the surface differences, however, it is striking how much they have in common. To begin with, there is their violent dislike of the heavy, arrogant, Germanic tradition of reviewing in which the critic pretends to objectivity and a weighty omniscience. Shaw's dictum—"Justice is not the critic's business; and there is no more dishonest and insufferable affectation in criticism than that impersonal, abstract, judicially authoritative air. . ."—is echoed by Thomson: "A critic is not a judge; he is informing readers what took place." Both saw themselves as fighters—with Thomson, in particular, running interference for new and novel music. "I thought of myself as a species of knight-errant attacking dragons singlehandedly and rescuing musical virtue in distress," wrote Thomson in the preface to his newspaper pieces. And both used the same weapon—good writing. As John Rockwell points out in his introduction to the *Virgil Thomson Reader*, Thomson once said that his goal was to be "sassy and classy."

Like Shaw, Thomson began early, in his case just out of Harvard. A few of his youthful pieces, including critiques of jazz and accounts of his years in Paris, as part of the famous 1920s generation of expatriate composers, are included here. So are most of the key chapters from Thomson's *The State of Music*, an economic survey of the arts that Thomson first published in 1939. In chapters drolly headed "Why Composers Write How" (or "The Economic Determinism of Musical Style") and "How Composers Eat" ("Who Does What to Whom and Who Gets Paid") Thomson simultaneously wrote an engaging account of an artist's life and conveyed the sorry state of artistic support.

It was Thomson's years as chief critic of the *New York Herald Tribune*, however—which are covered here by a generous sampling of reviews—that made his critical reputation. His first piece sets the tone. Written a day after he joined the staff, and titled "Age Without Honor," it dismissed the opening of the New York Philharmonic's 99th season in two deadly sentences: "There was little that could be called festive about the occasion. The menu was routine, the playing ditto." For the next 14 years, Thomson peppered New York with feisty, urbane pieces. He crusaded zealously for new music. He loved to take on music's sacred cows. Of a Jascha Heifetz recital he wrote,

> It was admirable and fine and swell and O.K. and occasionally very, very

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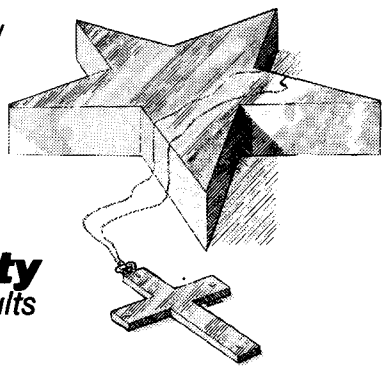

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> beautiful. The fellow can fiddle. But he sacrifices everything to polish. . . . To ask anything else of him is like asking tenderness of the ocelot.

He could be delightfully informal, dropping back into the homespun of his native Missouri. Praising a performance by Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra, for example, he wrote that he found it "no end jolly."

It's a joy to read Thomson on composers. Unlike most critics, who realize their limitations—not the least of which is that they couldn't compose a bar of decent music if it killed them—Thomson treated other composers as equals. There is no awestruck ring to his writing, as in many reviews, and his analysis is always highly specific and original. What's more, he took the terror out of contemporary music by describing the often bristling works with easy familiarity. Writing of Webern's "Symphony for Chamber Orchestra," he said,

> The piece itself offends, as it delights, by its delicacy, transparency, and concentration. The first movement, for all its canonic rigor, is something of an ultimate in pulverization—star dust at the service of sentiment.

Speaking of the "religio-musical style" of Messiaen, Frank, and Bruckner, he described it as a "determination to produce somewhere in every piece an apotheosis destined at once to open up the heavens and to bring down the house."

THOMSON'S depth of musical penetration is remarkable—even, it must be admitted, deeper than Shaw's. In review after review, he draws a bead dead center on his musical target, making us sit up and say, "Of course." Analyzing Toscanini's conducting style, he described how the great maestro focused on overall structure and thematic effect in music at the expense of individual expressive detail. "The radical simplification of interpretative problems that all this entails," he argued, "has changed orchestral conducting from a matter of culture and of its personal projection into something more like engineering." He was only too accurate, as many concerts today attest. Again, writing of Beethoven's successors, or at least those who aspired to Beethoven's stature, he argued that they developed a discernible "masterpiece" tone:

> This tone is lugubrious, portentous, world shaking; and length, as well as heavy instrumentation, is essential to it. Its reduction to absurdity is manifest today through the later symphonies of Shostakovich.

Thomson did have his prejudices. The exuberantly artistic Paris of the 1920s, in which Gertrude Stein and James Joyce headed rival courts, was the formative period of his life. He never lost, in later years, either his loyalty for his expatriate generation—Aaron Copland, Roy Harris, Roger Sessions—or his love of the great French composers of the recent past—Ravel, Debussy, Poulenc, and, especially, Satie. (Thomson's music, in which sophisticatedly simple harmonies *à la* Satie blend with gospel and folk tunes from Missouri, also reflects the deep influence of those Paris years.) At times, this bias got in the way of his judgment. In one piece, he ranked Satie as the most important composer of the 20th century, over Schonberg and Stravinsky; in other pieces, he gave pride of place to French music of the late 19th and 20th centuries over the German music of the same period. But his prejudices did far more good than bad. A cosmopolitan among more insular critics, he sprinkled his reviews with references to Cubism, and Dada, and James Joyce. He helped to explain Modernism to America. And, ultimately, he helped explain America to itself—or at least explain what its most important generation of composers was up to.

Reading critics like Shaw and Thomson leads us, inevitably, to speculate about the nature of criticism itself. What makes a good music critic? Shaw and Thomson had definite ideas on the subject. "There are three main qualifications for a musical critic, besides the general qualification of good sense and knowledge of the world," wrote Shaw in a piece called "How to Become a Musical Critic." "He must have a cultivated taste for music; he must be a skilled writer; and he must be a practiced critic." Thomson, besides plumping for good adjectives, added three key points in an article that he wrote attacking the Viennese critic Hanslick. On the urbane surface, Thomson said, Hanslick seemed the perfect critic. But he lacked warmth, he lacked passion, and he lacked the courage to stick out his neck.

The best way to learn about good criticism, however, is simply to read and re-read Shaw and Thomson. They are, each in his own way, textbook cases of the critic as artist. They are splendidly engaging writers. Both display wit and a distinctive voice. They are authoritative—as Shaw once said, "The modest critic is lost"—and knowledgeable. Both had good judgment and the courage to act on it. They understood that the highest duty of a critic is to take on his own time; and they did. What's more, they had, between them, more than a touch of genius. And that, of course, never hurt any critic.

ANNALYN SWAN

Annalyn Swan is music critic for *Newsweek*.

WHAT WOMEN WANT IN THE 1980S...

The Second Stage
by Betty Friedan

(Summit Books, 320 pages, $14.95)

It took just a few thousand words excerpted from Betty Friedan's agenda for the women's movement in the 1980s, *The Second Stage*, in the *New York Times* to draw fire from the feminist press. The suggestion by the founder of NOW that women had secured their place in the working world and, despite the ERA stalemate, could now afford to join men in a "Second Stage" movement for reforming the family brought instant charges of collaborationism. "Betty Friedan would destroy feminism in order to save it, and beat the Moral Majority by joining it," wrote *Village Voice* staffer Ellen Willis in a letter to the *Times*. And in *Working Papers*, Suzanne Gordon accused Friedan of being "willing to smooth out feminism's radical edges, thus making it respectable and

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acceptable to Peoria and to corporate America."

But is it really so shocking to hear Friedan take up the cause of the family? It is easy to forget that Friedan, whose *The Feminine Mystique* touched off the modern women's movement in America, was always a staunch defender of the family. Her chief argument in *The Feminine Mystique* was that the bored, depressed housewife of the 1950s was good for no one—not her husband, not her children, not herself. Could Friedan help it if her book inspired bitter bedroom debates, consciousness-raising groups, a new rationale for divorce, even a separatist lesbian culture? These were never her concerns.

IT'S NOT SO surprising that we haven't heard much from Friedan in print since the 1963 publication of *The Feminine Mystique*. It took more radical thinkers to carry on where she left off, to define and chart the long history of the unequal male-female power relation that Friedan first identified in the 1950s. But now that those strident voices have quieted, or turned to issues outside the mainstream of American women's concerns—pornography, lesbian culture, women's spirituality—Friedan has taken the chance to win back her audience. Her method is once again to uncover a "problem with no name" afflicting much of female America—not the Feminine Mystique, this time, but the Femin*ist* Mystique. And the problem is a real one.

The discovery came, Friedan writes in *The Second Stage*, as she began listening to the "daughters" of the women's movement express

> an uneasiness, almost a bitterness that they hardly dare admit. As if with all those opportunities that we won for them, and envy them, how can they ask out loud certain questions, talk about certain other needs they aren't supposed to worry about—those old needs which shaped our lives and trapped us, against which we rebelled?

In other words, the independent working woman who won her freedom in the 1970s is, understandably, getting homesick.

If only the remedy were as simple as Friedan's prescription for the depressed housewife of the 1950s: get a job! As her feminist critics are so quick to remind her, the overworked, underpaid woman of the 1980s can't solve her problems by simply turning back to the kitchen. And Friedan doesn't need to be told that the lid will never be shut on the Pandora's box of the working woman's woes. (*The Second Stage* will disappoint feminists eager to label Friedan a neo-Marabel Morgan.) But in attempting to embrace the complexity of the modern woman's problems, Friedan has come up with a program in *The Second Stage* that is no less than utopian—and, sadly, not much more workable than Total Womanhood.

To understand what Friedan is proposing in *The Second Stage*, one must make a few rather large assumptions along with Friedan: that women have secured a place in the job market alongside men; that men are willingly taking on child care and homemaking responsibilities now that they are no longer the sole breadwinners; that, in short, the inequities of the "first stage" of the women's movement are in the past. Our problem now, as Friedan sees it, is how to "live the equality we fought for." In the "Second Stage" of the women's movement, says Friedan, both women and men will fight to "take back the day": to reform the workplace and the home so that balancing job and family commitments will be easy, even fun. Part-time, flex-time, job-sharing, company-sponsored day care, tax credits and vouchers for child care, extensive maternity and paternity benefits, new home designs to permit communal housekeeping and cooking arrangements—all these are part of the Second Stage agenda.

None of these unquestionably appealing reforms is in itself a new idea. What is new here is Friedan's notion that such reforms can and will be accomplished through a quiet, community-based movement of "job protestors" of both sexes. Unfortunately, only the most starry-eyed of optimists will be able to accept those important first assumptions: that women now have enough power in the workplace to make effective demands; that enough men will join women in fighting for household reforms. Even the suggestion that all *women* may be ready to work together seems little more than wishful thinking in a time when pro-lifers and pro-choicers aren't even speaking to

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each other. Worse, it is unlikely that the same men and women who are so oppressed by their work loads will take time out for protest. And can we believe that in our current economic climate, American business will listen any more closely to worker demands than it did when profits were certain and unemployment low?

BUT READERS of *The Second Stage* will soon discover that Friedan is her own worst enemy. The book she's given us is neither the field manual nor the manifesto needed to accomplish her reforms. As if shying away from the bitter response she has already provoked with this book, Friedan has expressed most of her ideas as rhetorical questions—whole paragraphs of them—dizzying her readers where she might have inspired them. And, perhaps hoping to win support from all factions, Friedan insists on crediting all sides of every issue. But she only succeeds in contradicting herself. Friedan would have us believe that men and women will seek reforms for the family because the working world offers only drudgery or fierce competition:

> 'good jobs' . . . have become scarce. In the last twenty-five years, more than three out of five new jobs are in retail trade or services where 'many jobs are part-time and wages extraordinarily low.'

But elsewhere she urges readers to join in the movement with the news that

> more and more, the kinds of work that will be required of people will involve creative, innovative, and decision-making responsibility. . . . This kind of work can often be done as well at home or under a tree as in an office.

When it comes to establishing those two basic premises of the Second Stage, Friedan's equivocations are just embarrassing. On women's gains in the workplace she says, "the breakthrough against sex discrimination has made a real difference for women"—and then, in practically the same breath, "who can be sure that the barriers of sex discrimination won't be raised again in the current political climate?" And, on men's willingness to take responsibility in the home: "Men are now seeking new life patterns as much as women are"—but, later, "on the economic bottom line, after nearly twenty years of the women's movement, it becomes clear that most women are still saddled with the work they used to do in the family."

But if we could use a bit more straight talk from Friedan-the-writer, we hear altogether too much from Friedan-the-public-speaker. She quotes freely from her own statements at rallies and conferences as if she were calling on an impartial expert. And we can't help wishing she'd handed over the gossipy anecdotes about Bella, Gloria, Phyllis, Marabel, and the gang to a biographer.

When she wrote *The Feminine Mystique* 20 years ago, Friedan could get away with cribbing from her own experience: her life as a housewife *was* like the lives of the women she was writing for and about. But how many women can identify with the new Betty, with her house on Long Island and *pied-à-terre* in Manhattan, whose "family," she says, now "stretches from California to Cambridge." Friedan has based her vision of the Second Stage on the evidence she collected from that bicoastal family on her speaking tours—but the result is a peculiar assortment of confessions, testimonials, and diatribes from "troubled sisters," hecklers, and groupies. Can we learn anything for certain about the new world we live in from this random collection of anecdotes of husbands who willingly babysit their children and wives who burn out on high-powered careers—a world, we know from Friedan's own equivocations, that is far less certain than the world of the Feminine Mystique?

It is a symptom of Friedan's quandary that the only heroine she can point her readers to is Joan of Arc. With full seriousness she counsels working wives and mothers who are troubled with competing demands from work and family to remember what "Joan of Arc said, facing the flames: 'All that I am I will not deny.'" But surely, for all that Joan was, she could never be a symbol of fulfilled motherhood. Nor even, at the time of her burning, a unifier of men and women. Still, Friedan is on to something here, for the image of Joan at the stake may fit those troubled feminist "daughters" who set Friedan thinking about the Second Stage—women so committed to a cause, be it careerism or women's rights, that they have become estranged from men and deprived of families. If only Friedan had come up with a program the Joans of the 1980s could trust! Still, we can hope that the readers of *The Second Stage*, like those of *The Feminine Mystique*, will take matters into their own hands, advancing the cause of women as much in the next two decades as in the two just past.

MEGAN MARSHALL

Megan Marshall is writing a book about single working women for G. P. Putnam's.

. . . WHAT THEY WANTED IN THE 1890s

The Fair Women
by Jeanne Madeline Weimann

(Academy Chicago, 611 pp., $29.95, $14.95 paper)

In their effort to recapture the past and to elucidate its meaning for the present, historians are always on the lookout for events or people who symbolize or encompass as in a microcosm the values as well as the achievements of an era or nation. International expositions have often served that purpose, as we are reminded by the Crystal Palace of the London Exhibition of 1851 and the White City of the Columbian Exposition of 1893 in Chicago, which commemorated the 400th anniversary of Columbus's discovery of the New World. Henry Adams, in his *Education*, was merely the first of several historians to see the Chicago fair as a revealing symbol of late 19th-century America.

Jeanne Weimann in her book with the punny title seeks to use the Woman's Building at the Columbia Exposition to do for American women what earlier historians had done for the national culture with the fair as a whole. She intends to illuminate the situation of women at the close of the century.

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And, by and large, she succeeds, for she writes with some wit, consistent clarity, and wry detachment, yet with sufficient involvement to stir the emotions. A 600-page book on a single building can entail a lot of quite minor information, and of that there is some, especially in the later chapters where Weimann details the contents of some of the exhibition rooms. The great strength of the book is its attention to the women behind the building, of whom there were dozens, almost all of whom are also pictured. The literally hundreds of photographs and the forceful writing recreate the excitement of the original project and reveal its genuine significance.

IT IS NOT an analytical or scholarly book, for there is no overall thesis, though the author certainly makes her point of view clear most of the time. There aren't even any footnotes, though at times one wishes for them in order to find the exact source of a particularly striking quotation. The story she tells, however, is soundly based on original sources, principally the voluminous papers of the Board of Lady Managers of the Woman's Building which now repose in the archives of the Chicago Historical Society.

Her story deals with the Woman's Building as symbol and idea, not with the physical structure itself. After all, it was the smallest of the buildings in the dazzling White City by the lake. And, unlike Louis Sullivan's now famous Transportation Building, the Woman's Building did not go down in architectural history. In the history of American women, however, the structure was memorable since it was designed by a 21-year-old woman architect, Sophia Hayden, who had never constructed a building before and never would do so again. It is the idea of a building for, by, and about women that constitutes the importance of the Woman's Building and justifies the book. In the conception and execution of that idea, women's past, present, and even future were rather strikingly reflected.

The Chicago fair was not the first American exposition at which women had a building, and the experience of women at the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia in 1876 undoubtedly played a part in the decision to construct a Woman's Building at the Columbian Exposition in 1893. During the planning of the Philadelphia fair women had been promised space in the main exhibition building, but when construction began, the promise was forgotten. As a result, the women, in a fit of enraged determination, raised money to build a Woman's Pavilion of their own while Susan B. Anthony led a group to Independence Hall to denounce the breaking of the original agreement.

There was no such cavalier treatment of women in 1890 when the Columbian Exposition was being planned. By then America was in a new era of powerful, that is, rich, men whose wives were often as assertive, competent, and activist as they. Such women could not be easily shunted aside. Some of these matrons, it is true, were suffragists, but most were not. One lesson to be drawn from Weimann's book is that at the century's end the suffrage was not a litmus test for women's self-awareness; it was only the radical end of a spectrum of women's consciousness. By and large, suffragists and non-suffragists worked together, first in getting the fair located in Chicago, and then in making sure that women would have something to say in its organization, and especially in the way in which it would recognize women's work. The suffragists had not wanted a separate building for women's activities, but once that issue had been settled, they cooperated with those who thought it essential to single out women's contributions to civilization.

WEIMANN'S BOOK is filled with the names, activities, and achievements of many of these new matrons, whose wealth and leisure permitted them to devote countless hours to making the Woman's Building representative of women around the world as well as of all sections of the country. The body that guided the project was the Board of Lady Managers, which comprised more than 100 vocal, highly dedicated, and often publicly active women. The president of the board, Bertha Honore Palmer, might be considered the heroine of the book as well as of the project itself. Bertha Palmer was the acknowledged head of Chicago society and the wife of the wealthy merchant and real estate magnate Potter Palmer, the owner of, among other things, the world famous Palmer House. Bertha Palmer was 21 when she married a man over twice her age. Early in her marriage she had two sons within one year of each other and no more thereafter. From then on she devoted herself to making Chicago a civilized city, a status that in her mind included liberal social reforms as well as artistic improvements. A petite, strikingly handsome woman, Bertha Palmer was not above self-dramatization. She was known for her carefully coiffed white hair and a seven-stranded choker containing over 2,000 pearls.

She was, as Susan B. Anthony wrote later, "preeminently the one woman in the country" for the job of heading the Board of Lady Managers. "Her record," Anthony concluded, "is one of the most remarkable ever made by any woman." That assessment is as much testimony to the fairness of Anthony as to the achievements of Palmer. For the president was at the time unfriendly to woman's suffrage, and her most controversial acts were concerned with pushing aside or repressing what she considered obstreperous radical suffragists. She ruthlessly removed, for example, Phoebe Couzins, the secretary of the Board of Lady Managers. Couzins had stood beside Anthony at the 1876 Exposition during the public protest against the exclusion of women. Cou-

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zins herself had a long record of achievement and agitation on behalf of women. Her removal was such a blow that she died in a few years, an embittered woman, who renounced feminism in general and the suffrage in particular. Bertha Palmer's almost overpowering leadership was also evident in her defeat of a group of feminists who sought to elevate Queen Isabella to a central place in the Woman's Building as a "Co-Discoverer" of America. At the end of that fight, Palmer won the support of even feminist Isabella Beecher Hooker.

The struggles within the board epitomized the divisions among women in the nation: the radicals versus the many women who were then in the process of ridding themselves of a narrow, traditional view of women's place, but who still were not ready to accept the suffrage. As Susan B. Anthony at one point said, "I believe Mrs. Palmer doesn't agree with us now, but she will some day." And that was true. But until women like Bertha Palmer did accept Anthony's view, the campaign for the suffrage got nowhere.

Yet it is clear from the words and actions of someone like Bertha Palmer that the suffrage was not the only way to speak out for women. In her remarks at the opening of the fair on May 1, 1893, she spoke right after President Grover Cleveland, who ritualistically praised the technological and industrial achievements of the nation. She, instead, boldly defended the right of women to work, denouncing those who would deny it in the name of home and tradition. Such traditionalist views, she pointed out, assumed that there was a good and supportive home in which a woman could remain. Three-quarters of the women in the world, she estimated, did not have such homes. "Are they to be allowed to starve, or to rush to self-destruction? If not permitted to work, what course is open to them?" she asked. Knowing well the prejudices of her adversaries she archly asked if the solutions of some "Oriental countries" held the answer: polygamy, perhaps, or burning oneself on a husband's funeral pyre or drowning surplus female children? Then she turned to those "sentimentalists" who wanted to know if woman would "step down from her pedestal in order to enter practical life?" To that she gave a resounding "Yes! A thousand times, yes," to much applause. With a smile, she added, "If we can really find, after a careful search, any woman mounted upon a pedestal, we should willingly ask them to step down."

In her remarks at the closing of the Woman's Building, Palmer once again took up the defense of a woman's right to work, and at wages commensurate with her efforts. She now called for technical training and education for women. There may come a time, she observed, when men will discover "that they are capable of assuming the entire maintenance of the home," and then women could be released from work in factory and shop "to turn to higher service." But that eventuality, she thought, would not be soon. Meanwhile, the one principle that must be held inviolate is "that individuals have the right to the fullest development of their faculties and the exercise of their highest attributes." And to make sure everyone knew she included women in that, she concluded by asking what harm can there be "in doubling the intelligence and the mental and moral forces of the community?" In sum, despite her refusal to support the suffrage, Bertha Palmer even then was an individualistic feminist.

Her overseeing of the myriad of details involved in planning, constructing, and then filling the Woman's Building with worthy exhibits from all over the world was a prodigious effort of organization, as her voluminous correspondence proves. Bertha Palmer was a good example, of which there have been many in the history of women: a human being blessed with great practical skills, but for whom the traditional, narrow sphere reserved for women did not provide sufficient scope. She, for one, certainly made the most of her opportunities. After her husband died, for example, she doubled the substantial estate he had left. Her organizing efforts at the Paris Exposition of 1900, where she was the only woman on the American delegation, earned her the medal of the Legion of Honor, a distinction bestowed upon only two other women: Florence Nightingale and Rosa Bonheur.

BERTHA PALMER, however, was not infallible. Her primary mistake in running the Woman's Building was to attempt to bring together a collection of art by women that would be on an aesthetic par with men's. Several women artists, and especially her own choice for director of fine arts at the fair, Sara Hallowell, had warned her against the plan. As Hallowell wrote, there just were not enough good women artists around "to warrant . . . making a collective exhibition worthy to compete with their brothers . . . and to me such an exhibition would only emphasize their [women's] shortcomings." But Bertha Palmer persisted and the results were as predicted. Palmer herself undoubtedly recognized her mistake, too, for she was no neophyte in the world of art, having introduced the work of the new French impressionist painters to Chicago. She and her husband began to collect impressionists in the 1880s. Today the Art Institute in Chicago owes a large part of its splendid collection to the Palmers. Their interest had first been aroused by the highly informed, and influential, Sara Hallowell, today strangely ignored by historians. It was Hallowell, too, who told Bertha

THE FLECKINGS

The way our American wildflowers hover
and spatter and fleck the underlying ground
was understood the best by Winslow Homer;

with brush and palette knife he marred the sombre
foreground field of the mountainous *Two Guides*
and slashed the carpet green of *Boys in a Pasture*.

So all our art; these casual stabs of color—
Abstract Expressionism ere it had a name—
proclaim the violence underfoot discovered.

JOHN UPDIKE

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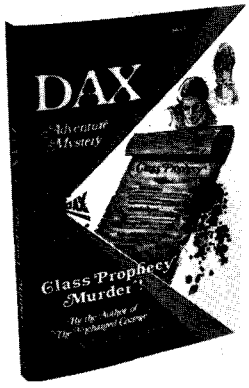
Original illustration by HAMEED NOON



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ISBN 0-931232-25-2

The Enchanted Cottage
ISBN 0-931232-20-1

I think you'll really enjoy **"Class Prophecy: Murder!"**. It's filled with fast cars, fast living and wonderful women (Ha! Fooled ya!). Mrs. D. even liked it — and she's the harshest critic a writer could have. (Agatha Christie whirls in her crypt and John D. MacDonald hands Travis a contingency pink slip whence word arrives that Irmgard Du Vall has just picked up copies of their latest.)

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Palmer and the Lady Managers of the work of Mary Cassatt, then quite unknown in America, and convinced Cassatt to do a large mural for the Gallery of Honor in the Woman's Building.

The Woman's Building was more than just the creation of a few leaders like Palmer, experts like Hallowell, or artists like Cassatt. It gave hundreds of women a chance to try their wings in many ways, though not every woman was ready to do so. One woman painter, for example, declined an invitation to decorate a ceiling because she feared being fatigued lying on her back while painting. Even Mary Cassatt would not stand on a ladder to paint, so she placed her canvas for the Woman's Building in a slot dug in the ground; in that way she was able to reach the upper portion. Most women, however, strove to take advantage of the opportunity.

If the exhibition of women's art was not a success, the collection of books by women was an eye-opener for almost everyone who cast an eye over the thousands of volumes that the women of the state boards had gotten together. And though the exhibits on science and technology were embarrassingly thin, the display of handicrafts overflowed with evidence of women's industry, ingenuity, and aesthetic achievement.

TWO VERY concrete examples of the work of many women was the construction and management of the Children's Building and the Woman's Dormitory. The Children's Building, which was situated next to the Woman's Building, was a prime example of how women thought about women, as opposed to what men thought about them. It was a recognition that if women were going to visit the fair and particularly the Woman's Building, as the Lady Managers certainly intended, then provision had to be made for their children. And that's what the Children's Building was: a large indoor playground for children downstairs, and a nursery for those who required more constant care upstairs. It was, in short, a child-care center. Women not only conceived it, they raised the money for it, planned the building, and managed the services. When the fair ended, they had even made money from the various services. During the fair the nursery was so overtaxed that only a portion of the babies their mothers wanted to leave could be accommodated. The effort was further complicated by some mothers' forgetting their promises to return at specified times to nurse their infants. Yet, at the final closing, only one mother had forgotten to pick up her two-month old baby—and he was given to presumably more interested foster parents by the Children's Aid Society.

The Woman's Dormitory was also a way of encouraging women to visit the fair. It was a cheap hotel (50 cents a night) within a short ride of the exhibits; again, it was planned, built, and managed entirely by women. And, unlike the hotels run by men, the Woman's Dormitory paid for itself, after accommodating some 12,000 visitors.

What the Women's Building and the hundreds of middle-class women who labored so diligently and successfully on behalf of women failed to accomplish, however, was to transcend the barriers of class and race. Bertha Palmer, among others, certainly hoped to bring more working-class women into the project, for she was genuinely interested in improving the lot of working women and men. As she said in her opening day speech, reminiscent of Henry George's *Progress and Poverty*, the astonishing gains in wealth and power, of which many had spoken, still "have not afforded the relief of the masses which was expected. The struggle for bread is as fierce as of old," she noted. "It is a grave reproach toward enlightenment that we seem no nearer to the solution of many of these problems than during feudal days." In her personal life, Palmer also made clear where her sentiments lay, opening her mansion at one point to millinery workers seeking to form a union. During the Pullman strike in 1894 she sided with Debs and his workers, thereby disrupting for good the friendship between her family and Pullman's. Despite this interest, however, no tangible results were to be seen at the Woman's Building, except for the cheap lodgings of the Woman's Dormitory.

Even less effort was expended by Palmer and the Lady Managers in recognizing black women. The only white women who even made a gesture to lower the barriers of race were the suffragists, but even they, including a radical like Isabella Beecher Hooker, ultimately ignored the blacks in the name of harmony between North and South. Although the Lady Managers, including the alternates, numbered over 230, not a single woman among them was black. In fact, the only black woman participating in the Woman's Building project at all was J. Imogen Howard, a school teacher who worked for two years with the New York Lady Managers on the state exhibit and was probably responsible for New York's small Afro-American exhibit. It was stashed away in a corner of the second floor of the Woman's Building, next to Siberian furs. Black women, however, did give speeches in the congresses.

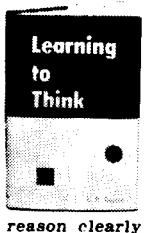
The white women were no worse than the white men. Only under pressure did the national committee include a single black man as an alternate; no more than three blacks held clerical positions in the whole administrative staff. Blacks were even scarce among the laborers, janitors, and porters. In sum, the Woman's Building, like the fair itself, was a reflection of its time. Like all the buildings at the fair, the Woman's Building was white, and so was the era.

CARL N. DEGLER

Carl N. Degler, professor of history at Stanford University, is the author of *At Odds: Women and the Family in America, 1776 to the Present* (Oxford University Press).

LEARNING TO THINK

By E. R. Emmett



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BRIEF REVIEW

Death March by Donald Knox

(Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 482 pp., $19.95)

Death March takes us behind the textbooks and the generals' memoirs to show us how history felt to the people who were up to their necks in it, the GIs who will never write a book or have their story told in a movie. This is a

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study of a beaten army. These men were surrendered to the Japanese on Bataan in 1942, were marched 90 miles through the Philippine heat under atrocious conditions, and packed into prison camps until the war ended in late 1945. They were young Americans unaccustomed to defeat, forced to deal with a new kind of war without an instant's preparation. Listen to one voice, talking of the death march:

> One of these Jap soldiers . . . grabbed this sick guy by the arm and . . . flipped him out across the road. The guy hit the cobblestone about five feet in front of a tank and the tank pulled on across him. . . . When the last tank left there was no way you could tell there'd ever been a man there. But his uniform had been pressed until it had become part of the ground.

The long sections about life in prison camps and on the ships headed for Japan are as harrowing for what they tell about the way personalities changed as for what they tell of dysentery, starvation, haphazard torture, and madness.

One problem with *Death March* is the historical exposition that frames the disembodied statements. The format of Knox's presentation of the main events—the loss of Bataan and Corregidor and the progress of the war—is confusingly inconsistent; sometimes the narration is in large boldface type, other times in footnotes, where the events of those years are mixed in with reports about what later happened to particular people. At times three sizes of type appear on a single page. A larger problem lies not in Knox's presentation but in the nature of oral history itself: the lack of overview. Throughout the book, to take just one example, the officers (with a few striking exceptions) are depicted as cowardly, grotesquely incompetent, self-seeking bullies. The gulf between them and their men is appalling, to judge from these accounts—which raises all kinds of questions about the pre-Pearl Harbor Army: where did its officers come from, and its men, and for that matter, how deep were American class divisions at the time, and why? But that's another book. This one is superb oral history.

MICHAEL KERNAN

Michael Kernan is a reporter for the *Washington Post*.

TRB, *from page 6*

persuade the President to have more press conferences, or at any rate to widen contact with the inquisitive reporters who are always speculating about him. Eric Sevareid once described these encounters between President and reporter: "There are the constant, renewed revelations of the President's appearance, the look in his face, the timber of his voice; there are the judgments to be made of his physical and emotional state, his visceral attitudes about men and events. Reporters often learn more from a grin or a frown or a gesture or from what he does *not* say than from what he says." We are getting more and more of these half glimpses and fewer and fewer of the direct questions and answers.

The Administration's eagerness to cut back federal taxes has brought one extraordinary development that recalls the indulgences sold by the medieval church. They were pardons of temporal punishment due for sin, and Martin Luther had some harsh words about the system. Some people thought it was ended by the Council of Trent in 1562. Not at all. In somewhat different form it is revived by the 97th Congress. Through a rider to last year's tax cut bill, companies are permitted to sell their unused tax credits to each other. They are the modern "indulgences." Congress provided tax breaks under certain conditions, but a howl went up—because some corporations were not able to use their breaks. Easy to get around that, though, lawyers said. A tax break is a favor that can be leased, or, with a little legal ingenuity, sold to other corporations. Nobody knows how much the new law is worth. One estimate, probably exaggerated, is $35 billion. Odd things are happening in America. Here's a double-page ad in the December 15, 1981, *New York Times* for Chemical Bank in huge end-of-the-world print. It announces a tax-saving scheme: "Chemical Introduces a Tax Break That's So Good It Used To Be Illegal—It's the Individual Retirement Account." Whoops! Before this budget is balanced, we'll all be rich—that is, the affluent and the upper classes. It won't be so easy for the poor.

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TRAVELING DIARIST

Rightful Claimant

I SPENT the holiday on one of the Turks and Caicos Islands. There are almost as many islands as there are inhabitants. The islands are unspoiled and virtually undiscovered. There are not even nautical maps or markers and buoys for the surrounding waters, a choice diving zone where ships were wrecked on reefs from the earliest explorations until only yesterday. The islands remain one of the last and lowliest of Her Majesty's colonies. The alien imprint is not discordantly visible, although there are present a governor-general, the occasional television antenna beamed to satellite, Baptist and Prophecy churches, and the usual drug traffic. The hotel, to be sure, is not what you would call organic to the beaches, but it is the small price the locals pay to be able to buy what their own ungenerous land won't produce. In any case, the hotel does not dominate; splendidly alone, it sports no golf expanse or other facility attracting ostentation and its inevitable consequence, envy. It gives offense only in its name, the Prospect of Whitby, evoking a Georgian pub on the Thames, which the place itself assertedly does not. But the name is less insult than it is anomaly. It would, however, be both insulting and anomalous to suggest that the natives will not be fully what they might be until they are vested with what international lawyers call sovereignty. To a tourist's question about political independence, a wise young woman responded: "We are personally independent." I do not know if there is a Popular Front for the Liberation of the Turks and Caicos Islands; I expect that there is, or something very much like it. Can there still be a small and poor people wholly free of the cruel delusions of self-determination? Nature, of course, did not ordain the British to govern anyone else. But their rule has been humane, limited, orderly, and it has not diverted the natives with heady fantasies of authority from their destiny (alas, almost everybody's destiny), which is to eke out a living. Ever since Wilson proclaimed his Fourteen Points, such modest governance has not been enough for us liberals. So we've joined the anticolonial chorus everywhere, including places where it suited neither U.S. aims nor the interests of the local population. Indeed, we've usually not been satisfied that the evils of colonialism have been undone (and, better yet, avenged) until some charlatan colonel is ensconced by a coup in the big white house across from a jammed jail, exercising capricious power and learning his lessons from Cuba's overseas militia.

ON CHRISTMAS EVE in Boston I went to midnight mass in a historic church of the Anglican Communion. I always feel a bit self-conscious on such occasions, since I'm there, as I sense many others are, not for prayers but for music—the traditional hymns, and, in this case, Bach's *Wachet Auf*. The pews of the liberal Protestant churches are filled by an audience rather than with a congregation, as I'm sure the pews of the evangelicals and fundamentalists are not. Also, I suspect, different sorts of men stand in the pulpit—and not simply men who exhibit differences over doctrine which, since Wycliffe and Hus, Luther and Calvin, have riven Christendom. It is the difference between men who believe and men whose secular vocation, increasingly and impertinently, is garbed in the cloth. That is at least one reason why the liberal churches are in decline numerically and exhausted theologically, and why I'm hopeful that the Moral Majoritarians on the Christian right will also soon falter. I felt sad for those faithful who'd come to that church in Back Bay to hear what even backsliders and heretics yearn for on Christmas, only to be forced to listen to the hackneyed and always gloomy politics—this year San (*sic*) Salvador, last year Chile—of some superficial cleric, divinity-schooled in modern ethics, who, so contemporary and relevant, has little interest in and less patience for the eternal questions.

THE NEW REPUBLIC assumes no responsibility for what its readers do with our views. One reader in Great Falls, Montana, was arrested for threatening the life of the President. Every subscription list has its crackpots, we consoled ourselves, and we were happy that he made no actual attempt. This was not, however, his only brush with the law. He'd also assaulted his congressman's secretary and he'd done that literally, which is to say physically, with one tightly sheathed issue of TNR. We hope that nothing we said was taken to suggest that violence is a legitimate means of bringing about domestic political change. Clearly there are no bounds to the depth of impact of articles upon readers; there are also few bounds to the duration of impact. One reader who'd read a series of NEW REPUBLIC articles on psychological testing sent us his own book on the subject, published in 1981. The original articles appeared 60 years ago and were written by Walter Lippmann, to whom the parcel was addressed. An argument ensued in the editorial offices as to which of us was the rightful claimant, if not to Lippmann's mantle, then at least to his mail.

LATE LAST YEAR I traveled to Great Neck, Long Island, with Kip O'Neill, a Washington lawyer and one of the Speaker's sons, to help kick off the Democratic congressional campaign of Doug Stevens against the youngest darling of the old and new right, Representative John LeBoutillier. The press is treating the contest as a battle of two Harvards, but that's where the similarity ends. LeBoutillier is so ruthless that even Lyn Nofziger, one of Richard Nixon's tacticians at the scrimmage line of brutal politics, has felt obliged to urge him to be more careful. "Boot," as he aptly calls himself, does not argue; he kicks—abusing the language, the truth, and, of course, people—older people especially. You get points for that in his crowd. The title of his book, *Harvard Hates America*, accurately conveys this young man's sensibilities; they are thuggish. Make no mistake about it: this is no latter-day *God And Man at Yale*. I've known Doug Stevens since 1968, when he was my student in a freshman seminar at Harvard. Impressed then by his political acuity, I asked what he wanted to be. Without a blink or a blush, he answered, "Congressman from Long Island." But Doug is not one of those entitled young men. He's been in liberalism's every good fight since. He's no knee-jerk type though, which is to say his values are tested by their practicability. A decent domestic policy is what he wants, and a decently strong foreign policy. It's a heady and happy experience when a student goes to Congress. Four of mine are there now. So my stake in a fifth is clear. And given "Boot" and his friends, your stake is clear too.

M.P.

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Campus and the Corporation

There are growing grounds for concern about the health and vitality of higher education in America. Public and private universities face troubled futures rooted in fiscal uncertainties that strike at the heart of the educational mission.

Budgets and endowments are being ravaged by inflation. Faculty salary scales are under pressure; pay dropped by 20% in constant dollars during the last decade. Enrollments are on the decline, particularly in graduate studies. Bright young people are turning away from academic careers. With their budgets squeezed, universities are deferring needed maintenance. They are stinting on books for their libraries and instruments for their labs.

All this threatens the continued quality of on-campus teaching, scholarship, inquiry, innovation, and research: functions vital to the underpinnings of knowledge in our democratic society.

Take basic research, or the search for knowledge that enables us to do more things in better ways. At least 60% of all the basic research in the U.S. is done by universities. On-campus research and development in 1979 exceeded $5 billion in value, and more than $3.5 billion of the total represented basic research, as distinct from applied research and engineering development.

The U.S. government has been the principal sponsor of basic research at universities. However, government support has been weakening in recent years. One measure of hope is the increasing involvement of the business community in supporting university research and in contributing in other ways to the strengthening of higher education.

Still, there's large room for growth in corporate help for education. "Business has gained a clearer understanding of the role of the universities and the value of free inquiry," notes the Committee for Corporate Support of Private Universities. "One result is a substantial increase in business support of higher education — measured in inflated dollars. But in constant dollars, it has risen only marginally." What's especially disturbing is that many corporations give little or nothing to higher education.

Inducing more companies to support higher education is the task taken on by the Boston-based committee. It is not a fund-raising agency. Rather, it is an advocate, an exhorter, working to foster closer relationships between campus and the corporation.

Corporations turn to the campus for the talented, trained people they need. They draw on the ideas and innovations that flow from university scholarship and research. So business has a direct self-interest in getting closer to the higher education community, finding out what the needs are, and helping to fill them. There are many ways to help: direct research grants, capital contributions, matching employees' gifts to universities, fellowships for young teacher-scholars, cooperative projects in teaching and research.

Increasing ties of understanding and support are being formed between business and education. Such links are mutually valuable. They serve both institutions, along with the broad public interest. They should be multiplied and strengthened.

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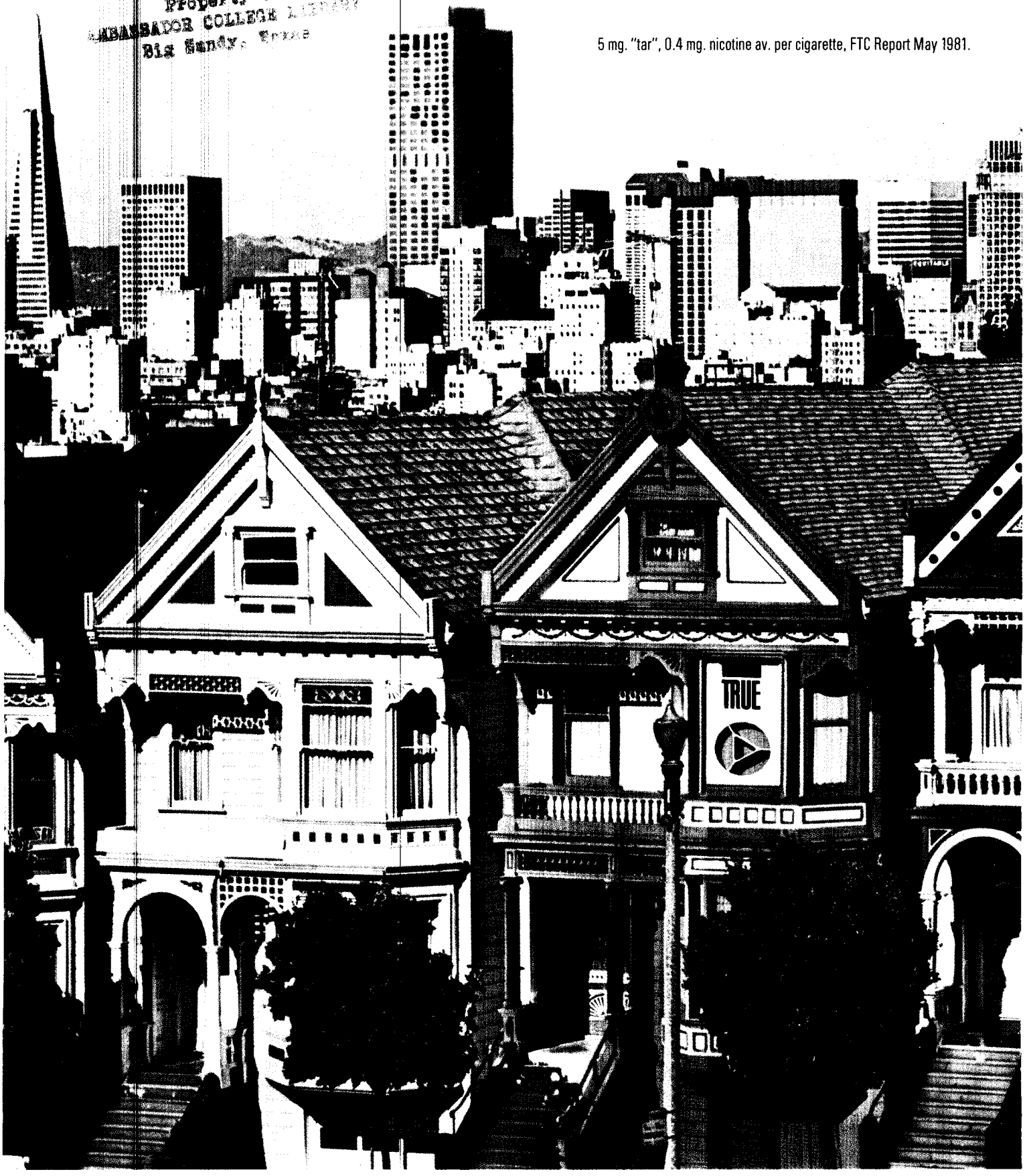

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